

HV 5089

.S92

Copy 1

The Black Plague of the American Continent

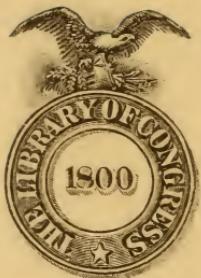
BY

D. F. Sutherland, A. B.

Quitman, Texas



PRICE FIFTY CENTS



Class HV50.29

Book 592

Copyright N^o _____

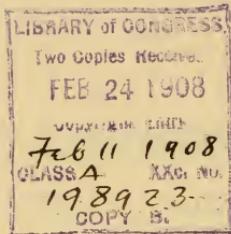
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

The Black Plague of the American Continent

BY

D. F. Sutherland, A. B.
Quitman, Texas

658
736



COPYRIGHT, 1908

BY

D. F. SUTHERLAND

2522578

DEDICATED TO

The Mothers of this Land.

INTRODUCTION.

I have but one reason for writing this little volume, and that is that it may bless those who read it. I write to save the boys, the girls, the young men and the young women, the home, the wife, mother and her children; to save them from the scorching, withering and blighting effects of the liquor traffic and the trapping and selling pure, innocent white girls into the worst slavery ever known to this or other lands; to save them from ruin, remorse and death.

I write to warn the fathers and mothers of this land, into whose care the Heavenly Father has so graciously given their tender offspring, and whose homes have been blessed with children, against the crime—and it is a crime, though done in ignorance—of giving their children alcohol before they can walk or talk or during the young and tender years, thereby creating an appetite for strong drink which may consume them in the years to come, and bring your own gray hairs down to the grave in trouble and sorrow. I write to save the homes from mourning and tears, wives and mothers from broken hearts, and children from poverty and ruin. I write to save the pure, innocent and sweet girls from being trapped and sold for immoral purposes and to save the boy and young man from the death of the gin mill. I write to scatter sunshine and gladness and happiness into the lives of the disconsolate and the broken-hearted. I write to save my country and her people from the awful and fearful calamity and doom which is coming and which will overtake us unless the whisky and white girl slavery is abolished.

I shall not make the story long, for the whole is like unto the parts given you in this little volume. The cases mentioned are not isolated ones, but are samples of thousands of others like them. They are not the result of the imagination, but real, and took place just as stated. May you read this book in the fear of the Lord and with an honest heart, bent on doing everything you can to help rid this country of these great, destroying evils. And now, may God bless you.

D. F. SUTHERLAND.

THE BLACK PLAGUE OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER I.

The Worst Form of Slavery that Ever Existed Upon the American Continent.

Why have we been so long asleep? Have we been dreaming? What is the matter with us that we sit still amidst such awful conditions and amidst such heartrending and soul-destroying scenes; in the midst of the darkest, the blackest and most damnable plague that ever infested this or any other land? It is enough to make the heart's blood run cold and congeal in the veins as we look out upon this blighting, scorching and withering monsoon which is daily sweeping over this fair land—sweeping on to destruction the purest, the fairest and the best; sweeping on to a fearful and everlasting doom, year after year, thousands and thousands of innocent girls just budding into womanhood. Shall our people sleep on and dream on in the very midst of a slavery too horrible for description? Shall the destroyer of home and childhood be allowed to continue to devour the pure girls of this country, from the north to the south, and from the east to the west? Not if I can help it. May the God of love, mercy and truth put it into the hearts of the American people to arise and assert their manhood and their womanhood, and in the name of the love they bear for home, happiness, virtue and purity, and in the name of the God whom they serve and worship, strike this monster destroyer down. In this little volume I appeal to the purest, the noblest and the best that is within you, and my prayer is now, while I write, that I shall not make this appeal in vain. I make it in the name and for the sake of home, happiness and virtue; in the name and for the sake of our girls and our mothers; in the name of all that is pure, holy, lovely and good. I make this appeal to every true man and to every noble woman; to the churches, pastors and to church members. I make it in the name of Christ and His religion. Shall I make it in vain? Dear reader, under God, where do you stand in the coming conflict to save the girls of this country from a life ten thousand times worse than death?

After the war was over, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, when the cannon's last roar had died on the distant hills, when Lee and

Grant shook hands over the bloody chasm of four long years of blood and death and met as foes no longer, when the soldiers, clothed in their tattered garments of the blue or the gray, came back to the old home and to loved ones, to fight no longer the battles of war, but the battles of peace, we then thought that slavery had ended, but, instead of negro slavery, there came another of a different kind, the awfulness of which can never be told; a slavery of thousands and thousands of as pure, as innocent white girls as ever lived in any land. Oh, dear God in Heaven, look down upon these dear girls with great and tender compassion, and put it now into the hearts of the people to end this slave trade, which wrecks thousands of once happy homes and thousands of girls in the pure morning of life, dragging these dear ones down, down, down to the awful black depths of despair.

I have sometimes thought that I had a fair command of language, but I can find no words which will portray this destruction of virtue, of home, of happiness, and of all that is the nearest and dearest to the precious mothers of this land—their own dear children. If all the sticks were pens and all the oceans were ink; if all the men of the earth, the angels in heaven and the demons in hell were to write for a thousand years, they could not portray the awfulness, the blackness and the damnableness of this modern-day white slavery—this traffic in innocent white girls.

Do you ask me if girls—pure, innocent and unsuspecting white girls—are bought and sold? I tell you that there is now going on in this country an organized and systematic traffic in pure American girls which should cause our people more alarm than any one thing in all our history, the like of which has no parallel upon the face of the earth. Girls, many of whom are yet wearing short dresses, trapped and sold like cattle; sold into houses of prostitution to satisfy and gratify the wild, mad and surging passions of men, heated up to the boiling point by the demon alcohol! Girls sold for profit in this civilized, Christian land! In a land of Bibles, schools, churches and colleges! Yea, under the very shadows of our churches and in hearing of the gospel of peace and good will to men. A likely negro slave would bring a thousand dollars into the pocket of his legal owner before the war, but now our own dear girls, as pure as the snow and who never sinned, are trapped and sold by procurers, foul fiends incarnate, to madams of houses of ill-fame for twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars each. Reader, suppose one of these were your own little girl, the one you had held in your arms

and pressed to your bosom so tenderly and fondly! Would your heart not break? O God! what if it were my own little girl! When I saw other dear mothers' girls, whom they love as dearly as I love my own sweet girls, then my heart almost broke for them. I can see them now, in their lonely, sad and darkened homes, with the light and joy of their lives all gone out of them, sitting by their desolate firesides and, like Rachel, "weeping for their children and will not be comforted because they are not."

Many of these dear ones, before they were trapped and sold away from home and mother, would kneel in the nighttime by her side and say her little prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Thousands and thousands of girl's who are as pure as the morning dew-drops are annually decoyed, snared, trapped and sold in this land over which Old Glory floats as it waves and bends in the winds of heaven. Trapped by fiends incarnate and sold into the slavery of the brothel, to become the forced and unwilling chattels of the worst tyrannical masters and monsters that ever disgraced any civilized land.

I ask you, dear reader, to join in with me in labors of love and mercy, and let us work to save these mothers from broken hearts and their children from the agony of the dark days of desolation and their lives from ruin.

We are standing today face to face with a slave traffic and its ally, the liquor traffic, which will sweep this government from its very foundations unless there is an end put to both. We may sleep on and dream on if we will, but the awakening time will come in all of its fearfulness and terror. Nations, like individuals, must reap what they sow, and the reaping time is sure to come. Perchance it may be delayed, but the longer delayed the more fearful will be the consequences. The liquor traffic and the traffic in pure, innocent girlhood are Siamese twins, both born in hell, and the devil is their father. It is impossible to discuss the one without discussing the other. The saloon is the front door of the brothel. The traffic in virtue and the legalized liquor traffic must end, or else this government must fall. On their annihilation hinges the destiny of the American people, the perpetuity of their institutions, the

safety of their children, the progress of Christianity, the prosperity and happiness of the people, and the continuation of this Republic. This government was founded to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquility and to promote the happiness and general welfare of the people—men, women and children—and to guarantee to them and to their homes safety and protection. These inalienable rights were vouchsafed to the people by the founders of this government, and these rights can not be impaired or destroyed without impairing or destroying the government itself. The three sure pillars on which this government stands are the home, the church and the school. Injure or destroy these pillars and the government will be injured or destroyed. The three great enemies of the home, church and school are the liquor traffic, the house of prostitution and the gambling hell. The sale of liquor destroys the inalienable rights of the people, their happiness and their prosperity; destroys home, property, virtue and life itself. It is a dangerous and destructive policy for this government to vouchsafe to the people certain inalienable rights and then sell, for so much money, a permit to a few of its citizens to destroy thousands of others of its citizens, and which has never failed to destroy these same inalienable rights. A government divided against itself can not stand. It is no prophecy when I say that one of two things must happen—one is that the government must cut loose from the liquor traffic, stop granting privileges to one class of its citizens which enables them to prey upon and destroy another class of its citizens, or else this government must fall. I say this is no prophecy; it is an inevitable conclusion based upon sound logic, facts and all history. No free government can long survive a policy which annually destroys over one hundred thousand of its citizens, wrecks homes in every part of its territory; which leaves thousands of helpless women and children begging for food, shelter and clothing, fills our jails and penitentiaries with its criminals and our asylums with its insane; which is in league with a traffic, a slave trade in pure, innocent girls and which sends over forty thousand of them every year to houses of prostitution; which fills the land with broken-hearted mothers and many once happy homes with mourning and tears, the cemeteries with the bodies of its victims and hell with the shrieks of the damned, and which leaves nothing in its wake but desolation and ruin in this world and woe and despair in the world to come. I repeat again, that this government can not long survive such a policy. If the liquor traffic and the traffic in purity and virtue are not destroyed,

then these traffics will destroy this government as sure as the waters run and the sun shines.

"Thou shalt not kill" is one of the prohibitory laws which does not prohibit a licensed rum-seller from dealing out his instruments of death and hell.

What does it mean to the government, State or National, in legalizing and authorizing the liquor traffic? Only one thing—to get revenue, about one hundred and forty million dollars annually. This is a vast sum of money, but not as much as one billion and four hundred million dollars, which sum is annually spent in this country for alcohol, and which had better be sent up in the flames a thousand times. Nearly a billion and a half dollars spent and nothing in return but one hundred thousand dead victims, one hundred and fifty thousand widows and orphans, three hundred and fifty thousand reduced to poverty or pauperism; wives weighed down with grief, sorrow and want; broken-hearted and helpless children growing up in ignorance, beggary and vice; men reduced to wretchedness, poverty and dishonor, degraded and polluted; millions of dollars invested in this business of making men and boys drunkards and in producing the desolation and ruin of women and children, which, if employed in the useful pursuits of life and directed by the talents and the time wasted in drinking houses, would add untold millions to our aggregate wealth and make as many thousands of happy families as are now made miserable by the liquor traffic.

But this is not all of the fearful destruction caused by this traffic. Not content with destroying our men and boys by the tens of thousands; not content with making thousands of widows and orphans, broken-hearted wives, sisters and mothers and wrecked homes; not content with filling the land with sorrow, mourning and tears, with the direst of poverty and sore want; not content with filling jails, penitentiaries and asylums with its victims; not content with taking from the people other untold millions to prosecute the crimes it causes to be committed and the injury done to society by these same crimes; not content with all of these things, the liquor traffic, in league with the procurers, fiends incarnate, enters thousands of happy homes and takes therefrom thousands of pure, happy and innocent girls and sells them to houses of ill-fame to gratify the wild, surging passions of those urged on by alcohol taking possession of the brain and hearts of men, adding fuel on which to feed the flames of unholy lusts.

No, my friends, our government can not afford, or long be a partner in such an awful iniquity, for the sake of revenue.

CHAPTER II.

I shall state some of the facts as they exist now in this, the dawn of the Twentieth Century, and I shall state nothing but the facts as they have been gathered together by this writer and others, who would not misrepresent anything under any circumstances whatever. For four years I have been in this investigation, and I shall put the reader in possession of information, awful as it is, which will be of untold value to the homes of this country; to fathers, mothers and their children.

There is one thing that I want the reader to know now, before I proceed any further, and that is out of the three hundred and fifty thousand girls and women now in houses of ill-fame, three out of every four of them are not there from choice, not there of their own free will and accord, but they are there as the work of some villain or other. Over forty thousand of them are annually trapped and sold into this slavery and, without their knowledge or consent, sold for immoral purposes by fiends incarnate. Over four hundred thousand pure and innocent girls trapped and sold in ten years! This is the truth. Does it not make your blood boil within your veins? If not, then may God have mercy on your soul. You ask me how is this done, and what are the means employed? I am going to tell you. This destruction of our girls is carried on by some one or more of the following ways or channels:

First, by promise of marriage and seduction; second, by mock marriage; third, by marriage and desertion; fourth, by saloons and wine-rooms; fifth, by the dance and high wines; sixth, by drugs; seventh, by bad and vile companions; eighth, by children not being properly instructed as to the use and abuse of the sexual organs by their parents at an early age in life, and, ninth, by starvation wages.

One of these procurers, or fiends incarnate, comes into some town or country village. He gives it out that he is a traveling man taking a vacation and wanted to get to some quiet place where he could rest up. He soon takes his bearings and fixes his mind on a certain victim, often the daughter of some poor widow woman or some girl he thinks he can work without any immediate danger of a shotgun in the hands of her father or brothers. He is well dressed, polite, a smooth talker, one of these all-round good fellows. He manages to get an introduction to this unsuspecting girl, who knows nothing of the ways of the world beyond the circle of her home. Not very long till you will find him taking her to par-

ties, to picnics, and, if she is religiously inclined, he will take her to prayermeeting, Sunday school and church, and make out that he, too, is full of religion to the brim. He shows her every courtesy and attention, and the poor girl finds that she is in love with him, the very thing he intended and wanted, and, strange to say, that very often her own silly and unsuspecting mother is positively delighted that her girl has so far outstripped all her girl friends. They become engaged, and now how her poor heart beats for joy. He sits down and writes a letter to the "madam" of a house of ill-fame, for whom he is working, and tells her that he will soon land his victim. She knows what kind of an answer to send him. She makes out like she is his sister and will be so delighted to have a little sister-in-law. He shows this letter to this poor, unsuspecting girl. He tells her that his sister wants them to get married at her house, and that he wants her to go on to his sister's and get ready, and that he will come by that time and then they will get married. If the girl's mother objects to her daughter's going, he manages in some way or tells her some big lie and gets the girl off. She goes with him to the depot; he puts her on the train for some city. When she arrives, she is met by some one as per agreement, put into a closed carriage and whirled away to a house of ill-fame, and lost to the world forever. There she is locked up, drugged, red liquor forced down her throat, forced to submit to some human beast, till at last she is utterly crushed. The mother, back in the old home, weeps on and on, day and night, and dies of a broken heart. The destroyer of this girl goes elsewhere to trap another victim for destruction. If she was young, pretty and of good physique, the "madam" of this house of ill-fame paid this fiend \$100 and expenses so soon as she got the key turned on her. Some girls are sold for \$25; some \$50; some \$75, and those just blooming into womanhood sell for as much as \$100 when pretty and of good form.

Dear girls, if you value your home, your happiness and your life, you had better be careful and have nothing to do whatever with strange young men of whose life and character and history you absolutely know nothing. This is good advice, and you will be wise to take it. If you say that you are in no danger, you say just what thousands of others have said whose lives have been destroyed and whose happiness has been crushed out of their hearts forever. Mothers, you had better be careful as to whom you admit into your homes. You had better know who they are and what their business is. I shall speak more fully to mothers and their daughters in another part of this book.

There is another class of these villains whose avocation is also to traduce and destroy the lives of innocent girls. The first part of their methods is somewhat like that above described, the difference being that a pretended marriage ceremony is gone through with. The girl's consent to marriage being had, this viper persuades her to run away with him. He takes her to some strange city where a pretended marriage license is procured, gives the license to one of his "pals" who is onto the job and pretends to be a clergyman. This "pal" pretends to marry them, and the poor girl thinks that she is really married. This wretch soon tires of her, and the first thing that this poor, unsuspecting girl knows, she is landed into a house of ill-fame and is there informed that she was never married at all. Here she is lost to the world, red liquor and drugs poured down her throat and forced to submit to the beastly passions of all callers, or turned over and kept as the mistress of some wealthy libertine till he tires of her.

Thousands of pure and innocent girls are going to ruin over this mock-marriage route. Girls, let me say to you that if a young man refuses to marry you in your own home, in the presence of your own people and by your own minister, or some one else whom you know, you give him his walking papers and tell him to never let you lay eyes on him again while he lives.

Only a short time ago two young girls, one 14 and the other 15 years old, were running away to get married at Hot Springs, Arkansas, to two worthless scoundrels who had not the remotest idea of marrying them. An officer in Arkansas came across these two girls while they were waiting at the depot for the Hot Springs train. This officer saw that these girls were not grown and that they were alone and had never traveled but little, if any. This he judged from their actions, as any one well can do. He questioned them as to where they lived, who they were, where they were going and why. They were not inclined to talk or tell him anything till he told them that he had a telegram from their parents, asking him to be on the lookout for two girls and that he would have to take charge of them. He carried them to a hotel and gave them their dinner. Soon a sure-enough telegram came from their parents in answer to one sent by the officer. They requested the officer to care for the girls till they could reach them, which was the next day. These girls had been persuaded to leave home by two strange young men who had promised to marry them at Hot Springs. Had it not been for that kind officer these girls would have landed at Hot Springs and this would have been the

last of them, for Hot Springs is a hot town in more ways than one. These two girls were glad enough to get back to their Texas home with papa and mama, and are there now, yet pure, contented and happy.

Girls, your homes may be humble and you may not have as fine clothes as you want, but, listen, there is no spot on this earth which is as dear and as safe as is home, and no name or friend so kind and true as mother. Girls, don't, for your sake, please don't leave home, be it ever so humble, and mother and go away to the city for employment. Dangers are lurking there at every turn. Parents, keep your children in the home. It is safer there than out in the cold and wicked world.

Another method by which unsuspecting girls by the thousands are decoyed, trapped and sold into houses of ill-fame and for immoral purposes is by decoy advertisements. Some of them read about as follows: "Wanted—A nice young girl as a companion for wealthy lady; good wages to the right party." "Wanted—A nice girl for traveling companion of a rich lady; good wages; give full description of yourself in first letter." "Wanted—Nice girl for companion for lady who is alone; good place if found suitable; give full particulars as to yourself." "Wanted—A country girl to do light house-work in the city; good wages to the right party; in answering give full particulars; girl preferred having no incumbrance."

A girl reads one of these advertisements and makes up her mind that this is the very thing she wants, and that, if she can get the place, it will help her to aid her parents to support her little brothers and sisters. She answers one of these advertisements and tells all about herself. Soon she gets an answer, telling her that she is the very girl wanted, and to come right along at once. She writes again and tells them that she is coming and when she will start. She gets ready, the time comes when she is going to leave the old home. She kisses papa good-by; her mother takes her child in her arms and covers her with kisses, as great tears, like no one can shed but a mother, roll down her cheeks. Then she clasps brothers and sisters in her arms, and, last of all, the baby; says farewell, and she is gone out into the dark world, little knowing the awful fate which awaits her. Mother, dear mother, if she is not your child she is some mother's child. The train whirls her on and on, carrying her to a fearful, living death. Would to God that she had died when she was a little child. At last she reaches her destination, and with her heart filled with joyous expectations, she alights from the train. Better that she drop dead here. She is met by some one, as per agreement, who puts her in a closed carriage and carries her to a house of ill-fame, and

here she is lost to the world as completely as if the grave had swallowed her up. In the awful agony and bitterness of her prison home—no, not home, but an earthly hell—her mind goes back to the dear old home, back to papa, back to mama, back to the little brothers and sisters and back to the little babe in mother's arms. Would to God that I could picture here her memories now. Sweet girl, broken-hearted, disconsolate and crushed in your prison house, let others turn their backs upon you now if they will, but, God being my helper, I will never do it. I would rather have my right arm severed from my body than to turn from you now in this awful hour. Some fiend incarnate got \$25, \$50, \$75 or \$100 for this piece of work. I don't want to be understood as saying that all advertisements like the above are decoy advertisements, for they are not. I do want to say that no girl in the world should think for one moment of accepting employment from those who advertise for help without having a full and thorough investigation made of the place, the business and the person advertising. Fathers and mothers should see that this investigation is made. Write to the pastor of your church, to the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, or to the secretary of the W. C. T. U., and ask one of these parties to make a personal investigation of the person and the place and to tell you whether or not it is a desirable position which has been offered you. Any of these parties will gladly do this for you. This has been done, and the place when located was found to be none other than a house of ill-fame. Best of all, however, is to stay at home with your parents and brothers and sisters, unless you are forced to make your own way in the world.

The wine-rooms of saloons are the avenues which lead straight to houses of prostitution, and they are enough to forever damn the saloon business in this country. If the reader could only know of the awful, dark tragedies which take place in these wine-rooms, the revelation would be shocking because of its blackness.

One of these human vultures who makes it his business to trap and sell innocent girls by the aid of the wine-room and a pal at the saloon bar spots a victim on the street or in some establishment which employs girl labor, and makes up his mind to sell her to the "madam" of a house of ill-fame for whom he is working in procuring girls.

In some way or other he manages to get acquainted with this girl whom he has spotted and who is often a working girl from the country or some small town. He takes her to the theater and ice cream parlors and other places of amusement and pleasure, and leads her—poor, unsus-

pecting girl—to believe that it is his greatest pleasure to give her a nice and pleasant time while she is away from home and among strangers. She appreciates his many acts of kindness, for the wages of these working girls in the city are barely sufficient to pay their board and perhaps a little left over to purchase a few clothes, but nothing for luxuries or pleasure. He has succeeded in gaining her confidence and he goes to his pal, a bartender, where there is a wine-room, and tells him to be ready, that he is going to bring around his little country lassie this evening. The time of her destruction is now at hand, and she is led by this villain "as a lamb to the slaughter." He calls on her for an evening walk, and as they pass along the streets they come to a place over which is a sign, "Ladies' Parlor," or "Ladies' Entrance." He says to her: "Let's go in here and get a soda or lemonade." Not knowing where she is going or suspecting any danger or treachery, she enters and takes her seat at a table with her destroyer. Lemonade is ordered and her glass is doped. She drinks it and soon begins to feel drowsy and ere long she is in an unconscious condition. She is taken and secreted till late at night, then put into a closed carriage and carried to a house of ill-fame, where her destroyer is paid the price for her. Here she has hot liquor forced down her throat and her body outraged again and again.

This has been done thousands of times, and is now being done night after night in some wine-room or other. How long will the American people permit such diabolical outrages to be perpetrated upon the innocent girls and upon the homes of this country? Shall the pure girls of America be trapped and sold into such damning slavery? Where are the brave men and their sons who wore the blue or the gray? Where are the women and their daughters who kept the lights burning in the windows while husbands and sons fought on the side of the North or the South? Is conscience dead, or are we sleeping and dreaming? Where is the church of the living God, with her thousands of pastors and millions of members? Will not the church, the preachers and church members rise up in the name of the Christ and put an end to this, the worst form of all slavery that ever disgraced this land or any other; a disgrace to the church, to Christianity and a reproach upon the cause of Christ. There are over four million church members who are voters. If these would vote as Christ taught them to pray when He said, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," the saloons and wine-rooms of this country would be a thing of the past. Men who profess to know the name of Christ, and who expect to get home to heaven when they die, should

never cast their votes for the saloon or liquor traffic, which they well know destroys thousands of men and boys, wrecks thousands of homes and preys upon purity and virtue.

Starvation wages have been the downfall of many American girls. This is a sad and deplorable state of affairs. Here is a girl, and there are thousands of them in all the larger cities, working in a large mercantile establishment, or elsewhere, for \$4 a week. Her board and lodging at the cheapest places cost her \$3 per week and her car fare 60 cents per week—40 cents left of her salary each week with which to clothe herself and supply the other necessities of life. Tell me what such girls who have to make their own way in the world by labor are to do? What can they do? Taking advantage of her situation and necessities, human fiends who have wealth or plenty of this world's goods, oftentimes her own employer, seek to accomplish her ruin, and, by promise of affluence and plenty, oftentimes succeed.

Girls and young women who do the same kind of work that men do, and who do it as well as men do, should have the same wages as are paid to men. Labor performed by the men and women of this country creates its wealth, and this labor should share in the profits which it produces. Labor should not be required to give or donate a large per cent of what it makes or produces to men who earn no part of what is produced. Each laborer—man or woman—should have his or her full share of the profits, and when one man gets more than his share, others must get less than their share. I believe in the Golden Rule, and not in a rule of gold. Any economic policy which makes it possible for one man or set of men to pile up thousands and millions of dollars which they have not earned, but which was earned by the labor of others, is a dangerous policy, and rotten to the core. Capital, which has neither feeling, life nor soul, an inanimate something, should not rule men who have feelings, life, mind and soul. Labor should employ capital instead of capital employing labor. Only a short while ago a dividend of five million dollars was declared to one woman in Chicago who owned the controlling interest in a large department store. Hundreds of girls were employed in this store on wages which would barely give them scanty food and the clothes they were compelled to have. Girls and young women working for this millionaire woman on wages which did not provide them half enough to eat, on starvation wages! How cruel, heartless, outrageous and merciless! No wonder that some of these dear girls in this store fell a prey to demons who knew their sad condition when offered rest, affluence and plenty to eat and

to wear. I say now that the laboring people of this country can not and will not long tolerate an economic system which allows any person, like this Chicago millionaire woman, to coin millions annually out of the toil, sweat and blood of working girls on starvation wages, which force or cause thousands to sell their bodies for bread to allay the pangs of hunger and for clothes to shield them from the north wind's breath.

May the God of heaven and earth have mercy and pity upon the working girls and young women now filling shops, factories, stores and other places by the thousands in every city of this land. While writing this, I know a girl who went to a city to get work. The best she was offered was \$3 per week, and, having no money, she was forced to take it. The cheapest board and lodging she could get was \$15 per month. What will become of her is hard to tell. She was pure as the snow. How long she can stay pure I don't know, unless she gets more pay, surrounded by the many snares and temptations of a wicked city.

Girls, let me tell you something—you girls who must make your own way in the world. Rather than go to the city and get a poor, puny clerkship on wages which will not board and clothe you, you work in some home in the country or in some country village. In this way you will get your board, and your wages will more than clothe you, and you will be safe.

Women who employ white girls to help them in their home affairs and to see after their children should not be guilty of calling such girls "servant girls," and thus humiliate them without any cause. If our women who employ these girls will treat them kindly and keep the "servant" idea out of their minds, and treat them as a necessary part of the family, thousands of these girls would gladly become employes in the home, instead of seeking a sickly clerkship in the city. These girls have pride about them, and they don't want to be looked down upon and classed with negro cooks. Women who need girls in the home have a great opportunity to save thousands of them from destruction caused by the snares and temptations of city life. This is no time for servants and masters among a free and Christian people, and no woman should want any respectable white girl to be her "servant," and she is heartless and cruel who does do it. May God put it into the hearts of women who employ girls to drop this "servant" notion and that they may treat them kindly and make it pleasant for them.

There are thousands of wealthy libertines constantly on the watch for some pure, young girl, only to accomplish her ruin. I remember an oc-

currence stated by Mrs. Charlton Edholm, that great woman, in her work of love and mercy for fallen women. A wealthy libertine, a man who had a wife and girls of his own, told the "madam" of a house of ill-fame that he would give her \$500 if she would procure him a nice young girl who had been virtuous all her life. This "madam" agreed to get him a girl that would fill the requirements. She took a negro woman who was working for her into the flat, and told her what kind of a girl she wanted for the rich gentleman (?) and for this negro woman to be on the lookout as girls passed by the front door and to decoy one into the house. One morning a beautiful girl about 15 years old was passing along while this negro was washing off the front steps. The negro said to her: "Lordy, mercy! honey, your dress is torn in the back; come in and let me fix it." The unsuspecting girl went in, and was no sooner in the house than the door was locked. By force she was carried to a room and locked up. This man was informed that his girl had been procured—one that would suit him exactly. He went to this house of ill-fame and was conducted to the room where this young, innocent girl was a prisoner. The door was unlocked, and he entered the room where she was. The girl rushed to him and threw her arms around his neck and cried out: "Papa, papa, how did you find out where I am! Oh, papa, I am so glad that you have come to take me away. Where am I, papa, and what made them lock me up here? Oh, papa, take me away; take me home to mama." What could his feelings have been when he met his own child? What would have been her fate had she been some one else's child?

I tell you that no girl is safe from the clutches of these fiends incarnate. They not only invade the homes, but the schools and colleges as well. Only a short time ago one of these inhuman ghouls visited some business colleges in Illinois for the purpose, he stated, to procure lady stenographers for the California Southern railroad, agreeing to pay their expenses to Los Angeles and a good salary as soon as they could get there and go to work. He was having great success until one of the teachers of the college began an investigation to find out whether he was reliable or not. When this scoundrel found out that he was going to be investigated, he at once went to parts unknown, but not till he had procured several young girls and had them well on the road to destruction. As soon as these girls arrived in Los Angeles they were taken charge of by the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, who had been notified by a telegram sent from Illinois. The girls were sent back to their homes before, on this occasion, it was too late. The investigation showed

that there was no such railroad as the California Southern, but that there was the Southern California, and that it had out no agents to employ stenographers. If these girls had fallen into other hands at Los Angeles they would have gone the way thousands of others have gone—to destruction and ruin.

Dear reader, the extent of this traffic, this white slave trade in pure, innocent and unsuspecting girls, is alarming. It is bad enough and it is getting worse. Just think of it seriously for one moment—forty thousand or more innocent girls bought and sold each year; forty thousand sold into slavery last year and over forty thousand will be sold during this year for immoral purposes and into a slavery that is worse than death itself! Every one of these was some dear mother's child. Some mother's heart is broken and she will die of grief for her child. What if she was your child or my child? Must darkness and gloom settle down over our own home before we will move? Is this what it will take to move us? If so, God pity our poor, hard hearts. I can see one of these mothers back in the old home, sitting, thinking, thinking of her child, and wondering if she will ever see her face again, as the tears roll down her pale cheeks. I see her as she goes and gets the little picture and looks again at the face of her child, so innocent, sweet and loving. I see her again as she looks in the drawer and takes out the shoes and the little dress which her own little Mary once wore. She sees, with a sad heart, the vacant chair at the table where her Mary sat. In her dreams she sees her Mary, her own dear child, at home again, playing with the children under the old oak, and hears her voice as she sings her childish songs as of yore. She wakes in sadness and hears only the mournful dirge of the night winds sighing: "Your Mary is gone forever, you will never see her face again in this world." The poor mother sighs on and weeps on and on and dies of a broken heart. Over on the hillside is a new-made grave, and on the tombstone I would write these sad words: "This mother died of a broken heart, caused by a villain who trapped and sold her child, Mary, into slavery, to be consumed, soul and body, by the beastly passions of men."

Where is Mary now? Go look in the city hospital, or on the poor farm, and you may find her dying with some loathsome disease. Look in the morgue, you may find her lifeless body there. Look in the potter's field, she may be sleeping there; if she is not now, she will be very soon. Who is Mary? She is one of the forty thousand trapped and sold each and every year into a slavery a thousand times worse than

death; sold at the price of \$25 to \$100 each. Who is Mary's mother? She is only one of the thousands of mothers who have died or are now dying of a broken heart, caused by some fiend incarnate, who decoyed her child away from home and the scenes of her childhood and sold her into the slavery of the brothel. Negro slavery, which shook this country from center to circumference, is not to be compared for one moment to the awfulness, the fearfulness and the blackness of this slavery of white girls; yes, white girls, pure, innocent white girls. Thousands and thousands of the now little, innocent girls—one of them may be your girl—are going to be trapped and sold into this damnable slavery unless this traffic is stopped. If a mature woman will deliberately throw herself away, it is sad, but can not be helped. But when it comes to trapping and selling young, innocent girls into slavery, I say that the people of this country should rise up as one man in the strength of their manhood and womanhood, and end this dastardly business or die in the attempt. These destroyers of innocent girls should be hung as high as Haman.

Wake up, people; arise W. C. T. U.; church of the Anointed One, gird on your armor; Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and all lovers of home, purity, virtue, motherhood and childhood, form the battle line, for the trumpet of God has called you to duty and to battle, to wipe out this black plague from off the face of the American continent. God Himself has declared it, that if we refuse to do this that He will require their blood at our hands, for "this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are snared in holes, and they are hidden in prison houses; they are for a prey and none delivereth; for a spoil and none saith, restore." "What shall we do for our little sister?" "Woe be unto him that knoweth his duty and doeth it not." "Watchman, sound the trumpet, and if the people will not hear you I will require their blood at their hands." "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." "He that hath this world's goods and seeth his brother in need and shutteth up the bowels of his compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken." "The cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Dear reader, shall any of these verses from the Bible be used as a testimony against us or any of these woes come upon us? The Lord has said it and His words shall stand.

Dearly beloved, let us live for two worlds. Let us do our duty in this

one while we stay, and thereby lay up treasures in heaven. We should not forget that he pleases God the most who serves humanity the best. Let us live for the most and best which we can put into the world for the general welfare and happiness of the people, and not for what we can get out of the world to consume upon our own selves. He who loses his selfish life and lives for the good of others shall find a broader life, filled with joy, peace and happiness. Such a life is not found upon the shallow shoals of emotionalism or sentimentalism, but in doing positive good; in making others purer, better and happier; in scattering sunshine and gladness in the dark and bleak places of human existence; in lifting up the fallen and in administering to those in need or in distress; in healing broken hearts and wiping away the tears of sorrow, grief and woe. Not a life spent and lost in the wild, mad and crazy rush of money-getting, with soul, heart and mind commercialized and petrified; for such a life ruins everyone it touches, blasts the higher and better purposes of the soul and is despised in the sight of our Maker. Such a life is lost here and lost forever. Give us a life, dear God, such as you would have us to live; a life lifted above the things which must perish with their using; a life in which we lift others up to purer and better things, to brighter and happier days; a positive, active and working life to accomplish the things of this world that ought to be done. Not a negative life which does no harm and little good; not a selfish life which is used up to satisfy our own selfish ends and purposes, and which always ends in failure. But give us a life spent in doing good as we rapidly pass through this world, and, as we pass this way but once, let us live soberly and righteously in this present world.

“There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.”

CHAPTER III.

In this chapter I shall introduce the reader to some of the dear and precious girls, with a short and true story of their lives. Some of these girls are yet living, and some have crossed over the river of death and are safe at home with God. But for their sakes, living or dead, I shall not give their real names. Those that I mention are a few of the forty thousand sold each year into such slavery as can not be described.

I knew a beautiful young girl, the pride of the mother's heart and the joy of the home; a girl of the Sunday school, and who always sang in the choir at church. She was only 15 years of age. One night this girl was persuaded—the mother finally giving her consent—to attend a public ball. At this ball high wines were served to all who could be induced to drink. After much persuasion and coaxing, and seeing church members drinking of the wine, this girl lifted the glass to her lips for the first time in life. In the excitement and whirl of the dance, she took the second glass, but of a different kind, and this glass got in its work. No, it was the first glass that did the work. It's always the first glass that makes the drunkard and the last glass makes the drunkard a sober man. Again and again she drank the wine. She became intoxicated, and was led from the dance hall by some one out into the darkness of the night and placed in a room all alone till the people quit passing on the streets. Then she was placed in a closed carriage, and when she came to herself she was in a strange place—locked up in a house of ill-fame. Here she was forced to drink red-hot liquor, threatened with death if she raised any alarm, and outraged till she was almost dead. After two months' search she was located in this house and rescued by the mother and her friends and taken home, where she died in a few days from brain fever. In less than three months her mother was taken to a madhouse, wild and raving mad, crying day and night and pulling her hair, saying, "Where is my child? where is my child? Oh, tell me, where is my child?" Her destroyer and the destroyer of her mother as well had received the price for betraying this girl into a house of prostitution. He fled the country to ply his avocation in a more congenial clime.

Mothers, thousands of girls have gone straight to destruction over the high-wine and ballroom route. From here they fell from the heights of heaven to the depths of hell.

Mother, as you love your child, teach her the awful dangers lurking in

the round dance and high wines. If you do not, some sad day you may wish you had.

Near the town of C. was a happy Christian home, and in this home was a refined Christian girl, whose mother was one of the best women that ever lived, and she almost idolized her child. Into this quiet country community, where this mother and daughter lived, came a well-dressed and handsome young man, who, by his politeness and gentlemanly ways, succeeded in ingratiating himself into the affections of this country girl, and by promise of marriage accomplished her ruin. Well do these seducers know that the road to a girl's ruin runs through her heart, and to get her affections is his winning card in the game. To hide her shame she consented, after he had avowed to her again that he would yet marry her, to accompany him to the city. She was there placed in a house of ill-fame by this scoundrel and an operation performed on her which nearly ended her life. She recovered only to find out that she was a prisoner. In every possible way did she try to convey to her mother where she was, but without avail. For months she was subjected and forced to submit to outrage after outrage, and every hope of her soul and life gone out of her forever. When she resisted and tried to fight off her destroyers, she was, by force and threats to kill her, made to submit. Only a child, not yet 16 years old; how awful, oh, how awful! In a few months she lost her eyesight and was stone blind. Then she was kicked out into the streets and told to go. She told the madam of this house of ill-fame that she was going to tell how she had been treated and that she would be prosecuted. She said, "Just tell if you want to; nobody will believe you when you do tell." How sad, but true! She was found groping and feeling her way on the streets by some good, Christian women and sent home to her broken-hearted mother. In a short while she was dead and buried. Her mother returned from the funeral of her child and in less than one month was buried by her side—dead of a broken heart. The scene in the death room, just before this poor, blind girl passed away, was enough to melt the hardest heart that ever pulsated in the human breast. Between her gasps for breath she would say: "Where is mother? Tell mother to come to me." The weeping mother came to the bedside of her dying blind child, bent over and kissed her burning lips. She said: "Mother, I am dying, and I will soon be gone. I am going where I can see again like I used to when I was so young and happy. Mother, when I am gone will you think kindly of me? I loved William so much, and he was all this world to me,

and I believed him true and that he would marry me as he had promised. I was so young and knew so little, and William said that I was doing no wrong, for we were engaged and I loved him so." Fainter and weaker grew her voice, and her last words as she struggled with death were: "Mother, dear mother, think kindly of me when I am dead and buried, for I loved him, I loved him so." She lies buried on the hill near the old church where she once went to Sunday school, and near the old country schoolhouse, among the oaks, where the night winds sing their mournful melody and sigh, "I loved him, I loved him so!" Mourn on, ye night winds, mourn on; and may they in mournful melodies sing to him of her whose barque he has wrecked upon the shores of time and that his will forever be furiously lashed upon the shores of eternal vengeance.

It is for such girls as these that I plead to you to help save from such a fate as befell this dear girl. It is for their dear, loving mothers that I write and send out this little volume. May God put it into the hearts of the people to help me put it into every home in this land. I know that all true hearts go out to these innocent ones who are suffering from this awful, living death. I know how your heart would go out to their mothers in these sad, dark and desolate homes. The trouble is not a want of sympathy, but a lack of knowledge, and, with some, indifference, costly indifference. If negro slavery so aroused the people of this country, which was a slavery for the labor of the negro, how much more should this white girl slavery arouse the people, which is the darkest and blackest slavery ever known in this or any other land, the slavery of the brothel. Three hundred and fifty thousand white girls now in houses of ill-fame, three-fourths of whom are not there from choice, but they are the work of some villain or other. Half of this number were decoyed there by some dark plot or other, many of whom are yet children in short dresses and just budding into womanhood. There is nothing as cruel, as wicked, as merciless and as outrageous as this trapping and selling pure and innocent girls into such diabolical slavery; away from parents, brothers, sisters and friends; away from the old home and the scenes of childhood's happy days, and from all that is near and dear to them; away in some distant city, locked up in a house of ill-fame and forced to submit to the beastly passions of men. What awful memories, what horrors of the soul, what days of torture, what nights of terror! Death, how much better! Despair; fearful, awful, dark despair! The bleeding body may heal again, but what can ever heal the wound from the poison dart shot through

this tender heart and soul? The tortures of the stake and the flames of fire would be tender compassion compared to the fearful tortures which consume these innocent girls sold into houses of prostitution. I would now gladly lay down my life in the cold embrace of death could I by so doing save the mothers, the wives, the children and the home from the desolation, sorrow, wreck and ruin caused by the liquor traffic and the traffic in pure girls.

Less than one month ago, a young girl in company with a crowd of young people left one evening to attend an entertainment in a city only a few miles from their homes. Thousands of people were there and in the jam of the crowd, and in getting out of the place, this girl got separated from those she knew. She became frightened and undertook to make her way to the car line. A man saw that she was in distress and asked her what was the matter. She told him that she was lost from her friends, and wanted to get a car that would take her to the depot. He said: "Certainly, I will show you the right car; come this way." Suspecting no danger, and anxious to not miss her train home, she walked along the street with him. On reaching a certain door, she was instantly seized by this villain, shoved into the house, into a back room, and locked up. She tried to make an outcry and was informed that silence was the price of her life. Here she was kept a prisoner for several weeks, not allowed out of the room. She would call to others in the house when left alone, but they paid no attention to her cries for help and mercy. In this room two men visited her daily, and she was outraged time and again by one who told her that he had bought her from the other, and that "you now belong to me." He endeavored to make her his willing mistress. She told him she would die first.

In this room she found an old postal card. On this she scratched a few words to her distracted mother and told her that she was somewhere near the place where the entertainment was held, but did not know where, but that she was locked up in a house, and, for God's sake, to find her and take her out. She called to a little boy she saw passing by and asked him if he would mail the card. He told her he would, and she threw the card down to him. The mother, with the help of detectives, succeeded in finding her child, a girl only fifteen years old, and carried her home. The police are trying to find her destroyers, and, if either of them is wealthy, some of them will make a heroic effort not to find them. Only a short time ago one of these scoundrels who had led a pure girl to destruction was arrested, brought before the court and fined the immense

sum of \$1 and the costs. No wonder such work goes on; no wonder girls are trapped and sold. Who is afraid, that is low down enough and mean enough? And there are plenty of this sort. A small fine and the costs for such a crime! The penalty should be hanging by the neck till the scoundrel is dead. How long, O Lord, how long shall such ghoulish fiends be permitted to wreck lives and destroy homes by the thousands and thousands? How long will the people stand for these "slave traders to barter in the flesh and blood of innocence and purity?

A few months ago a girl who had an ambition to be an artist went to New York City for the purpose of completing her education in painting. She knew no one in this great city of wickedness. At the same place where she boarded was a young man with whom she got acquainted, and, from his manner toward her, she believed him to be a gentleman. She felt lonely and homesick and she appreciated his many acts of kindness to her. One night he suggested that they take a walk along the streets and she consented to go. As they walked along, he said to her: "I have a very dear lady friend on this street near by, and I have been telling her of you and she said for me to bring you around, that she would be delighted to meet you." Suspecting nothing wrong, she said to him: "I would be glad to meet your friend." They went on till they came to a house where he told her his friend lived. They went in, and no sooner was this girl on the inside of the house than the door was locked and she a prisoner. In vain did she plead and beg for mercy, and that she be permitted to go. In vain did she plead with the "madam" of this house and was met with the answer, "I bought you, and you are not going to get away, and if you try it you will be killed and your body thrown into the river." Harlem river has been the burial place of thousands of innocent girls. She was taken up a long, dark stairway and locked up in a lonely room; forced to drink hot, poisoned liquor and smoke opium. In this way she was kept in a stupor, hardly knowing what she was doing or where she was. In this den she was forced to submit to all callers, for this place was one of the lowest dives in New York—Chinese, Italians negroes and all sorts. Reader, here you will have to imagine the horrors of such outrages, for my pen fails me.

For long months no tidings of this girl had reached her parents. They were wild, for they feared the worst—that she had been murdered and her body thrown into the Harlem river. In vain did detectives search for the missing girl till all hope was lost.

One Sunday afternoon, while the mother was sitting in her Western

home, with pale face and a far-away look in her eyes, her life almost grieved away and broken-hearted, her husband returned from the post-office in a great hurry. His wife saw there was something wrong and asked him what was the matter. He said: "We have a letter from our child; she is dying in a hospital and wants us to come at once." The letter ran: "Dear Papa and Mama—I am dying in a hospital. I want to see you once more in this world. Please come to me at once. Hester." They hastened to New York, and reached her bedside just before she went to another world—dead of a loathsome disease forced upon her by some Chinaman, Italian or negro. Her dying words were in part as I have stated and just as related. She was taken back to the old home and buried in the family graveyard. There lives that poor mother now in the greatest sorrow ever felt in the heart of a mother. God have mercy upon her. Oh, my beloved, is it not enough to cause us to weep tears of blood? If we will stand with folded hands while this is going on in this Christian land, will not the rocks cry out for vengeance and rise up as a witness against us? How can we stand before God in the day of judgment and answer Him? How can we tell Him that we visited the sick (these soul and heart-sick girls), those in prisons (dear girls locked up in houses of ill-fame), fed the hungry (these starving ones praying for freedom, companionship of mother, home and loved ones), clothed the naked (these dear girls, stripped of virtue, happiness, purity, home, mother and all that is near and dear to them)? Will the Master say to us: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto Me"? Or shall He have to tell us: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it not unto Me"? I want you to read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, from the thirty-first verse to the close of the chapter. We can not trifle with the Word of God today, tomorrow, or at any time.

Last winter when the ground was covered with snow, a girl in her night clothing ran calling for help into the Salvation Army while they were holding a meeting one night on the streets, and close in pursuit of her was a big, burly negro, who had to be fought off by the Army officers to keep him from taking the girl back to a house of ill-fame from which she had just escaped. The captain of the Army went to this house and procured the girl's clothes, after threatening to have the "madam" prosecuted if she did not give them up.

This girl was trapped and sold into this house of prostitution by means of decoy correspondence. She stated that the "madam" told her that she had paid \$100 in cash for her. She was a girl barely in her teens who

lived in the country two hundred miles from the city. It was a sad day in that home when she said good-by to mother, brothers and sisters and took the train which was to carry her to destruction. On reaching the city she was placed in a closed carriage and taken to this house of ill-fame from which she escaped by letting herself down with bed sheets tied together. She stated that during the week she was in this house that she was outraged several times a day by Italians, who told her that if she resisted or cried out that they would kill her.

These cases which I have mentioned are true, just as related, not isolated cases, but a few out of many thousands of other similar ones. They happen daily in some part of this country or other. Over one hundred innocent girls are decoyed, trapped, snared and sold into this awful slavery daily and away from some home and mother. A friend of mine who lives in Kentucky related to me not long since the following story of treachery. He said that he and his wife took an orphan child to raise, whose parents were both dead. That when she was old enough, she took a great interest in helping and nursing sick people, and soon was the pride of the neighborhood among those who were sick. One day a well-dressed young man came to his home and said that he was on the hunt of girls for sick nurses for a hospital in Louisville, Kentucky. He offered this girl such flattering inducements that she begged her foster parents to let her accept the position, and they agreed that she should go. On the day she was to leave, this young man came after her, and Mr. Lacompt told him that he had no reason to doubt his word, but, in order to satisfy his own mind, he was going to call up over the long distance telephone the superintendent of the hospital and have a talk with him as to the arrangements for the girl. The young man assured him that this was wholly unnecessary, and when he found out that he could not dissuade Mr. Lacompt from his purpose, he grabbed his hat and ran off in a pouring down rain. Mr. Lacompt did telephone, and was informed that they knew nothing whatever of such a man, and that they had no one out employing sick nurses for the hospital. It developed later that this same game had been worked at other places, and that several young girls had been sent away for hospital work and had never been heard of since. We owe it to ourselves, to our country, to the mothers of this land, to the homes in this country and to the girls of America, to stop this slave traffic. Look out over this land and see the efforts put forth to make money, to have costly and beautiful homes and fine clothing, to have fine churches and to send the gospel to the heathens, to get more

and more and to have more and more. What effort is being put forth to save thousands and thousands of now little innocent girls from, in the near future, this merciless slavery? Many are engaged in the rescue work and in rescue missions, and I believe in this work and in rescue missions with my whole heart, but this is too late. The better and wiser thing to do is to save these girls from being trapped and sold and then there will be no need to rescue them. The rescue missions will have all they can do to rescue those who voluntarily enter houses of prostitution. It is the solemn duty of the church of God and of every Christian in this country to wipe this slave traffic from this Christian land. Only a short while ago at the door of a wealthy church in one of our cities, as the vast congregation were passing out, a poor, young girl, with a wee child in her arms, fell at the feet of the man who had seduced her under the solemn promise that he would make her his wife. With great tears rolling down her cheeks, and begging as if her heart were breaking, crying to him, the man she loved with her whole soul, to have mercy on her and her child and his child. He turned from the girl whom he had wrecked and ruined and from his own child and walked away. She was young, innocent and pure. He courted her and told her how dearly he loved and how he longed to make her his wife. Her whole heart and soul went out to him, and taking the advantage of her youth, inexperience and of her affections, he sought and accomplished her ruin and left her alone to bear her sorrows. Soon after her child was born she learned where he was and went to him, hoping that he would have mercy on her for the sake of his child. She found him, as stated, at this church, where he would not even speak to her. Thou demon of "the bottomless pit" of hell, you will have to go to church a good many times before you are forgiven and you never will be forgiven until you right your wrong, marry this girl and support your child. No, she had better not take him now, for he belongs to that class of criminals that should be hung as high as Haman and their bodies buried in the potter's field.

As she lay there where she had fallen, at the feet of her traducer, the vast throng of Christian (?) men and women passed her by unnoticed, as the priest did the man who fell among thieves while on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. But, thanks be to God, a "good Samaritan" passed that way, a poor widow woman, who supported her children by taking in washing. She lifted her up and took her and the child to her own humble home and cared for her until she had strength to work and support herself and child.

Whose chance had you rather have in the day of judgment, the poor washerwoman's or one of those Christians (?) who passed her by without even touching the hem of her garment? "Consistency, thou art a jewel," but you are not found in some of the "fashionable churches."

I do not wish to make this chapter any longer by giving these special cases of infamy and shame upon our civilization, a cancer upon the body politic, which, with its ally, the liquor traffic, is surely eating out the very life of this government, undermining the homes of this land and leavening the whole of society with rottenness and corruption. If black slavery plunged this country into the most fearful war of modern times, what shall be the results of this white slavery and rum slavery? Can we not stop long enough from our mad and wild rush of money-getting to take our bearings and see whither we are drifting? Are you sure now that a crisis is not coming in the near future which may sweep away all the gathering together of years in one mighty avalanche of destruction? This crisis is coming upon this nation. May it not be one of blood and fire, but may it be a cleansing, a cleaning out of rottenness and corruption, a final and everlasting overthrow of those social and economic conditions which blast, wither and destroy everything and everybody they touch. He who created this land of America shall yet show the people of this nation that He is God and that gold is not God. He will yet show us that when He put the gold and silver in the earth that He did it for the use, benefit and happiness of mankind and not for the purpose of debauching them; not for the purpose of commercializing the minds, souls and hearts of men; not for the purpose of making men dishonest; not for the purpose of making some slaves and others masters; not for the purpose of debauching the virtue of girls and the chastity of women; not for the purpose of following a business which regards not man or fears God, the liquor business and the white slave traffic. The day of reckoning is at hand and woe be unto him who has stained the Lord's money with blood and wet it with tears. "I have heard the cry of my people and I will deliver them, saith the Lord." "Egyptian Thebes and Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves, Palmyra, central in the desert fell" from corruption within, not from the power of invading armies. Republican Rome went the same way over which ancient Babylon had gone before. No invading army, with sword or saber, brought low this mighty Republic of the West, but she fell from her own internal debauchery and drunkenness. Such has history ever been and such will history ever be. Shall this government stand? Not with the debauchery and drunkenness

which it not only permits, but authorizes and legalizes for a price, a traffic which produces no product but debauchery and drunkenness and, worst of all, is a traffic sanctioned by a majority of the voters of this land, otherwise it could not exist, over four million of whom have sworn allegiance to Christ and His church.

Today, dear Father in Heaven, I look up to Thee and pray Thee to "let this cup pass" this nation, and may we learn to live for Thee and set our faces and our hearts firmly and forever against the "whisky slavery" and the slave trade in the pure dear girls of this land. Dear Father, you know the heaviness of my heart now. Lift these burdens from off our hearts and give us days of joy for our dear mothers, our wives and our children. Lord, put it into the hearts of men to stop debauching our people and filling our homes with so much sorrow and tears, mothers' tears and the sorrow of despair. O God, help this people, and those who have professed Thy name to know, to put these great and destroying evils from them. Now, dear Lord, help me, the weakest and humblest of Thy servants, in Thy name, to cry out to this people, many of whom have entirely forgotten Thee. May they rise up as one man and put these great evils from them. Give us strength and the desire above all other desires to do Thy will, O God. Help those wrecked and ruined homes, destroyed by the rum traffic, and may the people of this nation put this traffic from them, which feeds the wild, flaming and lustful passions of men and destroys the virtue and honor of girls and women. Bless us, dear Father, and make this a pure nation of pure men and women, following avocations in life which build up and make the people happy and not those which tear down and destroy. Guide the people of this nation by Thy counsel and Thy wisdom to a great and glorious destiny, a nation of contented and happy people from the least to the greatest.

Now, my beloved, a great and beautiful future lies out before us, and also a future of darkness and blackness. Between the two this nation must choose. On the one hand is purity, virtue, love, mercy, equality and happiness. While on the other is greed, graft, dishonest money getting, rum traffic, traffic in pure girls and inequality before the law. The one means life, the other means death to this nation. We must choose. Choose for God and the right, and we live; choose that which tears down and destroys home, honor, virtue and happiness, and we die.

I am firmly of the opinion that a great majority of the people of this country are against the liquor traffic and that they want this govern-

ment to stop the manufacture, sale, importation and exportation of alcohol, except for use in the arts and for medicinal and mechanical purposes. Why leading officials and others do not come out and take a firm stand against alcohol, its manufacture and sale is hard to tell. Is it because they are afraid of the votes and influence of the rum power? I fear this is one of the real reasons. The prosperity and happiness of the people is more important to them than the election of any man to office unless he stands for and comes out for those things which insure prosperity, and against such outrages as the liquor traffic, which all know only brings destruction, wreck and ruin in every part of this land.

I have said that this traffic would destroy this government unless it is prohibited, and it will not fail to do it. It is destroying it now, killing over one hundred thousand boys and men every year. Is not this destruction? It makes more widows and orphans than the war between the States in the same length of time. How is this for destruction? It consumes more money every year and gives nothing in return than it took to carry on the war in any one year from 1861 to 1865. How is this for destruction? It causes more tears and heartaches, makes more desolate homes, fills more jails, asylums and penitentiaries than all other causes combined. It has slain more men in the last decade than have been slain by all the wars of the world from the battle of Waterloo to the present time. It has produced more poverty and caused more distress among women and children than every other evil combined. It is in league with the traffic in pure, innocent and unsuspecting white girls, the front door of the brothel and the ground floor of the gambling hell. And, yet, this traffic which commits all of these outrages against society, is authorized and legalized for a price, the price of tears and blood, revenue for the municipality, the State and the Nation. "They have destroyed my people, they have built a city with blood money."

Let the people of this country have a chance to say whether this traffic shall be perpetuated or not. Let them pass on this question divorced from all other questions, without bias or prejudice, and disconnected from party politics. The people must settle this traffic, stop it for good and for all, or it will settle them and destroy this government.

I could mention hundreds of instances to illustrate this traffic in pure white girls, but I shall only give one more. In the next chapter I give the reader the true story of Estelle Ramon, the girl of the Cumberland. She is yet alive, and for her sake I have not given her real name. The happenings as related did not take place at Mill Springs, Kentucky, but they did occur near the Cumberland river.

CHAPTER IV.

A True and Sad Story of Estelle Ramon of Kentucky, the Girl of the Cumberland.

In writing this sad but true story of Estelle Ramon, I shall state the facts and incidents as they took place in the life of this unfortunate girl. I say unfortunate, but on account of no wrong which she did. She was the victim of man's perfidy and lust. She is only one of the forty thousand of American girls who have been offered up as a sacrifice to gratify the wild and uncontrollable passions of men. She is just one of this great number who annually fall into the pits and snares laid for them. She is just one, a sample, of the forty thousand innocent girls who are yearly sold into slavery. She is one to be pitied, and not slandered. She was as pure as the air which she breathed in her humble home among the blue hills of the winding Cumberland. "She was as light of heart and gay of wing as Eden's garden bird."

John and Amanda Ramon, after they were married, bought a little farm and settled down near the battlefield of Mill Springs. John was one of these great, big, good-looking, honest and hard-working men from the mountains. His wife, Amanda Ramon, was a refined and well-educated Kentucky woman and a woman who loved to be with the "society" folks. She loved to wear fine dresses and spent more in this way than her husband could really afford, and this caused him to have to work very hard early and late. He went to clearing and improving his little farm and everybody was talking about what a noble fellow young John Ramon was and how well he seemed to be getting along. His wife did not seem to be satisfied to live in the hills. She wanted John to sell out and move to Somerset.

Two years passed away on the little farm, and Estelle Ramon was born. John promised Amanda when Estelle grew old enough to attend school that he would sell out and move to town. Years passed on and John Ramon continued to work hard, and by hard work and good management, he began to prosper. He built a new house and bought Estelle a piano. His wife still wanted to move to town, but John didn't want to go. He told his wife that he had nothing in town and no work there to do, that they were beginning to get along fairly well and the best thing for them to do was to let well enough alone, and that he wanted her to release

him from his promise to move to town, which, by the entreaties of Estelle, she reluctantly did. John was happy in his home life with his wife and little girl, who had now reached the age of fifteen years. She had, from the time she could toddle around, been constantly with her father. In the fields making the hay, gathering the crops, seeing after the stock, you would find Estelle and her father always together. After supper she would climb upon her father's knee and he would always tell her some little story to please her. She would ride the horse to the pasture and John would carry her back in his big, strong arms. She was essentially a papa's girl, and her father almost idolized his child. When she was old enough, she attended the country school close by, and was known as the brightest pupil in the school. She learned music from her mother, and it was her chief delight to sing and play in the evenings for her parents. She was loved by everybody in the neighborhood, young and old. At an early age she joined the church, and she could always be found in her place in the church and in the Sunday school, first as a pupil of the Sunday school and later on as a teacher of a class of little boys and girls. It was said that in after years every boy and girl in her class professed religion and became model Christians.

One day a messenger was sent in haste from the schoolhouse to John Ramon's home to tell him to come at once, that Estelle had become violently ill while playing on the school playground. John Ramon turned as white as a cloth and came near fainting, strong man as he was, when this saddest of all news to him reached him. In a few moments he had hitched up the horses to a carriage and he and his wife were going as fast as the horses could take them to their child, where they found her in a dangerous condition. She was carried in the arms of her father to the carriage and driven home. As soon as John Ramon learned of his child's condition at the schoolhouse he had sent one of his nearby neighbors for the doctor. In a short time the doctor reached the Ramon home and was by the bedside of Estelle. She had been stricken down with typhoid fever. John Ramon, with his life almost gone out of him, waited for the doctor's report from the sick room. When he came out he asked him what were the chances for his child to get well. The doctor told him that she had a severe case of typhoid fever, and the chances of recovery were against her, but with close attention and nursing she had a chance to get well. John Ramon said, "Doctor, I am willing to take that chance." Day after day and night after night John Ramon sat by the bedside of his child as she lingered

between life and death. The doctor would come and shake his head and say, "She is no better." For eight days and nights John Ramon had eaten scarcely anything and slept not a wink. On the evening of the eighth day the doctor came as usual. He told John Ramon that this night would determine whether his child would die or get well, that there would be a change before daylight for better or for worse. After giving John Ramon directions and telling him to wake him up if he saw any change in the child, the doctor laid down to get a much-needed rest and some sleep. The clock ticked off the hours and no change came. The clock struck one, two, three. John Ramon had never, during all the long and weary night hours, taken his eyes off his child. There he sat in great trouble and sorrow, watching her. The clock struck three, and Estelle opened her eyes, looked at John Ramon, and said, "Is this you, papa?" Joy filled his whole soul and being. He knew that she was better. He rushed into the room where the doctor was sleeping and awoke him. The doctor, not knowing whether the change was for the better or worse, hastened into the sick room and felt of Estelle's pulse and said with great joy, "John Ramon, your child is better, the crisis is passed. She will get well." The joy of John Ramon and his wife could hardly be restrained. The doctor told them that they must be quiet, or they might excite her and make her worse. The crisis had passed and Estelle improved rapidly and was soon able to sit up and ride out with her parents. John and Amanda Ramon were filled with joy and a great weight seemed to be lifted from the whole neighborhood on account of the recovery of Estelle, for she was dearly loved by all who knew her.

On an adjoining farm to John Ramon lived a neighbor by the name of David Scott, as true a man as ever lived among the hills of the Cumberland river. David Scott had one son, William Scott, as noble a lad as ever lived. He was honest, true, and, like Estelle, was loved by all. William was just two years older than Estelle, and together they had played from early childhood. During Estelle's sickness no one, unless her parents, seemed more anxious about her than did William Scott. Never a day or night passed but that William Scott called at the Ramon home to inquire about Estelle during the whole time of her illness. After she got well and took her place in the church and the Sunday school William Scott was there too. He thought that there were none like her, and she thought a great deal of him.

One day about three months after Estelle had recovered Mrs. Ramon said to her husband, "John, have you noticed that William Scott is show-

ing too much attention to Estelle? I don't like it and we must stop it or the first thing we know he will be coming here to pay his attentions to her. Another thing, I believe that Estelle thinks a good deal of him." "Well, suppose she does," said John Ramon, "is not William a good boy and a good companion for Estelle, or anybody else?" "Yes, I know that he is a good boy, but, if we continue to let Estelle associate with him like she has been doing, the first thing we know he will be thinking of marrying her, and I would not stand for it. I could not bear the thought of having William Scott for a son-in-law." "I don't suppose there is any danger of our having to lose our Estelle any ways soon, but when she is old enough to marry, I would rather she would marry William Scott than anybody that I know of." "What! Estelle marry Bill Scott? I would rather see her dead and buried." "Well, Amanda, what objections can you find to William Scott?" "I have no particular objection to him, but he is not good enough for Estelle. I want her to marry a man who knows how to take her into society. I want her to marry a professional gentleman, and not a greenhorn like William Scott." "Well, Amanda, I don't care so much about Estelle going into what some people please to call 'society,' but I want her to marry a true man who can and will make her life happy. I have no fault to find with William Scott. I know that he is thinking a good deal of Estelle, and that she thinks quite well of him, and if they should want to get married sometime I am not going to interfere." "You may not interfere, but I tell you now that Estelle shall never marry William Scott." Estelle came in from school, and this ended the conversation. Estelle and William had told each other from childhood that when they got old enough they were going to get married. On Sunday before the conversation between John and Amanda Ramon, William Scott had reminded Estelle of their long-ago made agreement, and Estelle had told him that they would carry out this agreement some day when they were older. William believed in Estelle Ramon, and she believed in him. Estelle one day told William that her father liked him, but that her mother hated him and that it would be best that he quit coming to her home. It was on this occasion that William and Estelle plighted each other their love and he told her that nothing but death could ever separate him from her, and that he would, if necessary, give his life for her. In after years they both well remembered these words.

John Ramon continued to work hard and to prosper. One day he came home from town he told his wife and Estelle that rafting logs

down the river was dangerous, and that if anything should happen to him he wanted to leave them a living, and, for this reason, he had his life insured today while in town for \$5000. Heavy rains were falling up the Cumberland and John Ramon was working hard, he and his hired hands, to get the log raft ready to go down the river and carry his logs to Nashville when the river got high enough.

One evening John learned that a head rise was coming down the Cumberland, and he and all hands were making ready to cut the raft loose and carry it to the saw mills in Nashville as he had been doing year after year. Late on this evening John Ramon kissed his wife and Estelle good-by. He lingered longer than was his custom, and said that somehow he felt uneasy and just like something was going to happen. At dark he reached the river and at ten o'clock they heard the head rise coming. All hands got on the log raft and made ready to cut it loose. The raft was cut loose and the rise struck it and carried it out into the middle of the river. The rushing waters bore down so heavily on the raft that it broke and went to pieces in the middle of the onrushing waters. John Ramon became entangled among some of the logs and could not loose himself. He called for help, but no help could reach him in the darkness of the night and the fury of the waters. He saw that he was gone. His voice rang out above the noise of the waters, and he cried out the last words he ever spoke on earth, "William, I'm gone. Promise me that you will take care of my child, my dear child, Estelle." The voice of William Scott rang out and said, "I swear to you that I will do it." John Ramon went down to a watery grave. Others of the raft crew escaped on logs.

I shall not undertake to describe the great sorrow in the Ramon home when, three days later, the body of John Ramon was found and brought home for burial. Who can tell the heaviness which bore down upon the heart of Estelle? He was buried, and week after week Estelle would carry flowers and place them upon his grave, and she kept it clean and fresh.

A year now has passed away, and Estelle is seventeen, one of the most lovable and beautiful girls in Southern Kentucky. The death of her father had mellowed her life and softened her soul. She was a woman in ways, if a child in years. William Scott had watched after her faithfully as he had promised her father in the hour of his death. Mrs. Ramon yet determined more than ever that Estelle should never marry William Scott. She had set her heart on some professional man for Estelle's husband who knew how to make her a belle of society.

She was the only counselor of her daughter, and in every way did she endeavor to cause her to break with young Scott. She often pictured to her the grand life she might live with some educated gentleman in the highest society; that her beauty and training could and would make her admired by everybody, and that she should not throw her chances away upon Bill Scott. She would never allow Scott to call upon Estelle, and managed to keep Estelle, for the most part, out of his company.

One day a well-dressed and handsome young man came into the Ramon neighborhood. He gave it out that he was an artist from Cincinnati, Ohio, and had come to make some sketches of the beautiful scenery along the Cumberland. He was polite and gentlemanly in his manners, a good conversationalist and entertaining. This artist, as he was thought to be, was introduced into the Ramon home and soon became a great favorite of Mrs. Ramon, and he did not fail to show every courtesy and attention to the fair and beautiful Estelle. This artist soon had sized up the situation and had found out that his success depended, not upon the girl, but upon her mother. He had been telling Mrs. Ramon of the beauty and the accomplishments of her daughter, and how she would shine in society if ever given an opportunity. He did not fail to impress upon her his own importance and society connections. This suited Mrs. Ramon exactly, and she determined to marry Estelle to the artist. He declared to the mother his great and undying love for her daughter, and how it would be the delight of his life to give her the chance in the world to which her beauty so justly entitled her. Little by little did the mother, her child's only adviser, succeed in winning her over to her way of thinking. The artist had declared his love to Estelle herself. She hesitated, and thought of young Scott, whose heart she knew was breaking. Her mother persisted and the artist used his blandishments, and soon it was given out that Estelle Ramon would be married to the Cincinnati artist. When this reached the ears of William Scott, he was nearly prostrated by the terrible blow. He wrote Estelle a letter in which he told her of the promise that he had made to her dying father, and that he was going to keep that promise. He warned her against marrying this strange young man, of whom she knew nothing. Estelle when she read this letter came near backing down and declining to marry the artist. Her own heart told her that William Scott was right, but the artist and the mother persisted. For fear that Estelle would yet refuse to marry the artist, the wedding day was set for the following Sunday. Sunday came, and Estelle, as pale as

death, walked out on the floor, and she and the artist were married. How happy was the mother; how sad were Estelle and William Scott!

Estelle, dear Estelle, could you only now know the awful future which awaits you!

Soon the Ramon home and all the property were sold, preparatory to taking Estelle and her mother to the city. The \$5000 of insurance money and the \$3000 which the home and other property were sold for were turned over to the artist to invest in a home in the city. Mrs. Ramon was to visit her people for a short while and Estelle and the artist were to go on and make ready the home in the city. On the morning before Estelle left she received a note from William Scott, saying that if ever she needed his assistance she would get it. She and the artist took the train at Somerset, and Estelle Ramon was whirled away to the awful doom which awaited her. She was carried to Cincinnati, Ohio, where her husband told her that they would spend a week before looking out for a home. She spent this week in a lodging house in the outskirts of the city. At the end of this week the artist told her that they had better rest up another week before they began looking around. The second week passed away as the first, and when he tried to put her off again, she grew suspicious and became alarmed for the first time. She told him that he must get the home, or that he had to take her back to her mother. He went out and pretty soon came back with a telegram from, he told her, a friend of his in Cleveland, wanting them to visit Cleveland and procure a home there. Reluctantly, she went with the artist to Cleveland, where they were met by some one in a closed carriage and driven to a house, which she soon learned was a house of ill-fame. On reaching this place she was carried to a room in a secluded part of the building. Her husband then informed her where she was, and that here she would have to remain. That he was done with her, and for her to give his regards to her mother if they ever met again: that he was much obliged to her for the \$8000 in cash, and that he wished her a good time with the madam. Estelle fainted, and this human devil turned on his heels, walked away and has never been heard of since. The madam knew how to treat girls who fainted, for she had seen them faint in her house before, and she brought Estelle back to consciousness. Who can picture now the horrors which rose up before Estelle? Who can describe her awful agony of mind and soul? It can not be done, and I must leave it for the imagination of the reader. In vain did Estelle beg and plead to be let go. Useless were her piteous moans for freedom. The madam told

her that she had bought her and paid for her, and that she was going to keep her; that the best thing she could do was to quiet down and submit to her fate willingly, and was informed of what she was expected to do and had to do. The madam told her that she had often paid as much as \$100 for pretty girls like her, but that she only had to pay \$50 for her by solemnly promising that she would not let her get away. Three months she was confined in this prison. What days of agony! What nights of torture! What dreams of horror! It is indescribable and unthinkable. She was caught and held and red, burning liquor forced down her throat, drugged and outraged. It is beyond the power of man to describe the darkness, the blackness, the fearfulness and the horrors of her life now. I shall not try to do it, for I can not. Her only hope was the words of William Scott. She knew that he meant every word he said, and would rescue her if possible. How could he find her? was the question she would ask herself in her awful despair. Yet she hoped against hope that in some way or other he would find her.

Three months had passed away and the mother of Estelle had heard no tidings of her child. She was wild, she was frantic, she was mad. The terrible strain had been more than she could bear. She became a raving maniac, and in her wild and mad ravings she would call for Estelle to come back to her. She would talk of nothing but Estelle. Amanda Ramon had destroyed her own life and the life of her child by wanting her to marry into "society."

Where is William Scott, the child playmate, the youthful and true lover of Estelle, and the one who promised to defend her?

William Scott had believed that the "artist" was a scoundrel the first time he laid eyes on him. No sooner had suspicions of foul play been aroused in the neighborhood than young Scott took the train for Cincinnati. On reaching there he employed a detective to aid him in his search for Estelle. After one week of close search in every part of the city, the place was found where the "artist" and Estelle boarded during their two weeks' stay in Cincinnati. Where they went could not be learned from any source, so well had the "artist" covered up his tracks. He advertised for her in the newspapers and secured the services of detectives in several cities. He concluded after a search of two months that she had been killed or taken to New York City, and perhaps across the ocean to some foreign country. His money was by this time all gone. He wrote home to his father and told him to see his friends and the friends of Estelle and send him money with which to continue the search, for

he intended to find her, if alive. The money was raised immediately and sent to William Scott. He next went to New York, where he spent day after day and night after night in searching for the lost girl, but, with a sad heart, he had to give it up, for not the remotest clew could he get. He resolved to go back to Cincinnati and see if he could find out anything more about her in the neighborhood where she spent the two weeks. He learned nothing new and had almost lost all hope. One night while sitting in the lobby of a hotel he overheard a conversation between two gamblers. One of them was telling the other about being in Cleveland and at a certain place where he met the most beautiful girl that he ever saw. He went on to describe her to the other gambler, and wound up by telling him that she fought like a tiger, and showed him the scratches which he said this girl had made on his face with her finger nails. The description given by one of these gamblers to the other was that of Estelle. William Scott later said that he could hardly keep from killing this man then and there in the hotel. Young Scott took the first train for Cleveland, not daring to seek further information from the gambler. He was fully convinced that Estelle was in a house of ill-fame in that city. By this time he had learned that it would not do him any good to tell his troubles to the police, for some of them would be more likely to help the madam secrete the girl than to help him to get her away. On reaching Cleveland, he determined to tell no one of his mission or why he was there. He determined to form his own plans and carry them out. He felt sure that he and Estelle were now in the same city and the thought almost made him wild. He knew that if she was in a house of ill-fame that she was there against her will and that she was forced to remain there. He determined to play the part of a sport and visit every house of prostitution in the city or find her.

The third night of his rounds he visited one of these houses and was admitted into the parlor. The madam came in and asked him if he wanted to see some of the girls. He told her that he would not object if she had one real pretty. She told him that the girls were all out now except one she called the "fighting girl from the country." He told her that he didn't guess that she was much of a fighter and that he didn't mind her fighting. He could hardly control his feelings. He paid the madam \$5 for admission to her room and given the key and showed up. "What if she screams when she sees me and gives the whole thing away?" thought young Scott to himself. He felt sure that she was Estelle, and that he was going to meet her now. The door was unlocked, and he en-

tered. She had dozed off into a sleep. He locked the door and waited till the hall was clear before awaking her. He turned on the light, looked into her face. She was Estelle! He pulled two revolvers out of his pockets and laid them where they would be handy and ready, for he had resolved to take her out of this place this night or die in the attempt. The light shone on her face and showed him how pale and troubled she looked. He could see the great sorrows of her soul written in her face as she lay there sleeping. He bent over her, touched her face and whispered, "It is William Scott, from Mill Springs, Kentucky, who has come to take you home. For your life, don't make any noise." She opened her eyes and saw him and knew him and fainted away from joy. He bathed her face and soon returning consciousness came to her. She realized at once how necessary it was for her to keep quiet. They held a whispered conversation as to how to escape. He did not want to raise any scene, for this might lead to his arrest and defeat all his plans of getting away. He determined to steal her out of the house quietly and get away. He opened the door to see if there was any one in the hall, as there was no chance to escape through a window from the room. He went out in the hall and carefully and slowly locked the door behind him so as to make no noise. He then went to a window at the far end of the hall. It was open. He went back to the room and tied some bed covers and sheets together and they went out again and locked the door as before, went to this window and tied one end of the sheets and covers to a radiator and threw them out. Estelle went down and he followed. Almost safe at last! In the alley where they landed it was dark and they were soon out of sight of this building. He told her that he was afraid to take her to the depot in the city, so they walked on in the darkness till they came to the railroad. They took down this road and walked till they reached the next station, some miles away, reaching it just a few minutes before the southbound train came along. Here they took the train for Cincinnati and for home. Who could tell of the joy which Estelle now felt on being rescued from her prison house, from the worst slavery ever known to the world? I shall not undertake to do this, for such joy can only be felt, but never told. At Cincinnati William Scott and Estelle took the train for Somerset and soon reached home. Great joys oftentimes have great sorrows, and such awaited Estelle. William had not told her about her mother on the trip home. He knew that she would learn it soon enough. Mrs. Ramon's people thought, perhaps, if Estelle could be found, that she might come to her right mind.

but such was not to be. Soon after the marriage of Estelle and William Scott Mrs. Ramon died in an insane asylum.

Estelle is only one of the forty thousand girls just as innocent as she was, who are annually sold into this awful slavery by means of some trap, decoy, pitfall, snare or other. They are not all caught the same way. Some are caught, like Estelle, by marriage, for the sole purpose of destroying them; others by promise of marriage; others by mock marriage; others by wine-rooms of saloons or by ballrooms and high wines or by starvation wages. Few of them are so fortunate as was Estelle in having some one to rescue them. Few William Scotts come to their relief. Most of them are crushed till there is nothing left for them to do but to spend their lives in slavery, die and be buried in the potter's field.

Forty thousand girls sold every year into this awful slavery! What shall we do about it? What will we do? Reader, will you not be one to help save just one of these girls from this slavery? Will you not help save just one Estelle? If I can not touch the reader with this sad but true story, then I can not do it at all. Forty thousand innocent girls like Estelle trapped and sold into this horrible slavery last year. Forty thousand more will be trapped and sold this year. It is enough to make the heart sick and to take the breath of any true man or woman. Shall it continue to be thus? How long shall it continue? May a merciful God have mercy on us and help us save innocent white girls from being trapped and sold into slavery as befell Estelle Ramon.

Dear reader, the only way I have of knowing where you stand in this fight for childhood, motherhood and home, is for you to write me and tell me. I hope that you will do this. So long as God lets me live I promise you that I shall stand for the homes of this country, for the mothers and for their children.

CHAPTER V.

The Remedy.

As I have said before, the liquor traffic is in league with the white slave trade, the trapping and selling of innocent girls to houses of ill-fame or to wealthy libertines. The liquor traffic is essential to the success of this slave trade in white girls, for it increases the demand for girls by feeding the flames of passion and lust. It is a notorious fact that nearly all the libertines are those who drink, and that few men who never drink are libertines. Those who drink only at times are, as a rule, men of virtue until their blood is heated up by alcohol, and then they will go to places and do things they would not think of doing when sober. To stop this trapping and selling of pure girls for immoral purposes, the sale of alcohol must be stopped, the saloon must be put out of business, for it is the great and strong ally of the traffic in girls. There should be enough men in this country who love home, virtue, mothers and girls well enough to end the saloon business and stop the liquor traffic, which will almost end, if not entirely, the traffic in pure girls. Only a short time ago a "madam" of a house of ill-fame went to the mayor of a certain town and told him that unless she could have or sell liquor in connection with her business she would have to quit. She was asked why, and she answered that men would not come to her house and spend their money unless they were under the influence of liquor, and she gave the whole thing away when she said this. Get a man all inflamed with red liquor, which inflames the passions abnormally, and he throws chastity and virtue to the winds.

Dearly beloved, if you would save the home, the mother and the innocent girls from being trapped and sold for immoral purposes, you must, by your votes and influence, put an end to the liquor traffic and saloon business. If you perpetuate the open saloon in this country you will also perpetuate the traffic in innocent girls; for so long as the lustful passions of men are wrought up by drinking liquor and their minds clouded or filled with only impure thoughts, the result of liquor drinking, just so long will bad men and women resort to all kinds of plots and schemes to procure girls for immoral purposes. I am now going to ask the Legislatures of the several States to pass a law giving to women a restricted ballot. I shall not ask that they be given the ballot generally so that

they can vote on all questions, for I feel sure that such a request would not be granted, right as I believe it is. I am going to ask the Legislature of each State to pass a law giving to women the right to vote on the liquor question, locally, State and National. Why do I ask this? Because the liquor traffic concerns the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of this land a hundred times more than it concerns the men. It is the wife, the mother, the daughter, the sister and the children who suffer the most from this traffic, and they are the ones most affected by it. They are the ones who let whisky alone, but it does not let them alone. Now, Mr. Legislator, are you willing to vote for a law giving to women the right to vote only on the liquor traffic, to have a voice as to whether saloons shall continue to do business or not? If you will not vote for this law, then why not? Is it not because you are afraid the women of this country would put an end to the liquor traffic if they had the chance to do so like the men have? I ask this of the State Legislatures, voicing the wishes of millions of women in this country. Remember, I am just asking you to give the ballot to women to allow them to vote on this one thing only, the liquor traffic.

I want to urge and impress this upon the minds of the people everywhere, that they see to it that they nominate men for the Legislature who will work and vote for this law, giving women the right to vote on this one thing only. To do this you must elect pure men and leave the booze fighters at home. No red-nosed whisky soaker is going to vote for such a law, you may be sure. How any man who loves home, virtue, wife, mother, sisters, daughters and children could oppose such a law would be hard to tell. People, don't you send such a man to the Legislature, but let the man whom you do send stand pledged to you beforehand to vote to give women the ballot on the liquor question.

In the next place, the "age of consent" should be raised to eighteen years in every State in this Union. In some States the "age of consent" is seven, ten, twelve, fourteen and fifteen years. Just think of it! What does a little child seven, ten or twelve years old know? What does she know that enables the brute to go free if he can come into court and prove that he had the consent of the child? Our laws make them children in every sense till they reach the age of eighteen years. In most of the States a boy under the age of sixteen years can not be sent to the penitentiary for this crime, with or without consent, and yet a grown man can go free by proving that he had the consent of the child seven, ten or twelve years old. When will men make laws which are fair to

both men and women alike on this matter? Why do they not do it? Is it because that some of them are afraid they might get caught in their own trap? See to it, people, that the man you elect to the Legislature favors putting the "age of consent" to eighteen years.

In the next place, the man or woman who decoys, traps or snares an innocent, pure and unsuspecting girl and sells her for immoral purposes by any of the schemes I have before mentioned, should be sent to the penitentiary for life or hung, and this should be the law when the case is made out to the satisfaction of an honest court and jury.

In the next place, when a man enters a happy home and marries out of that home some true and confiding girl, keeps her awhile and deserts her without adequate cause, that man should be sent to the penitentiary for not a day less than ten years and the proceeds of his labor above his keep should be paid to the woman deserted and her child or children, if any, in all cases where he left her penniless and without support. When he is out of the penitentiary, his citizenship should never be restored to him and he should never be allowed to marry again.

In the next place, marriage is the beginning and the foundation of the family and of the home, and is one of the most sacred relations in the world. The easy and loose divorce laws and methods now pertaining should be repealed and stopped. Families should not be broken up and children separated from parents, father or mother, by easy divorce methods. Many now marry who would not think of doing so did they not know that they could have the marriage relation severed by paying a lawyer fee and court costs. We should have such divorce laws as would put men and women on notice that when they marry that it is for good and for all, and that the courts will not interfere to set aside the marriage relation unless for proper and adequate cause.

In the next place, parents should teach their children that every organ of their bodies is divine and created for some holy and special use; including the procreative or sexual organs. If parents fail to do this, rest assured that they will find it out, and generally from an impure source, from some foul-mouthed blackguard or licentious street talk. Children should have this knowledge at an early age and from the proper source. Sexual physiology should be taught in the schools of the country with male teachers for the boys and female teachers for the girls. Such knowledge at the proper time and from the proper source would go very far in keeping boys and girls pure.

In the last place, but by no means the least, the double standard of

morality which now exists should be annihilated, and there should be but one standard of virtue and purity for boys and girls and for men and women. Young men should be as pure as they would have their own sisters to be. If a young man would have only purity in the girl he marries, then she should require the same of him, and, later on, if she discovers that she has been deceived, her love for him will turn to ashes. The husband should expect and demand that the wife of his bosom be pure and undefiled, and he should be governed by this very same standard. A sin is no less a sin because it is committed by a man instead of a woman. If no man would marry a prostitute, then no woman should marry a libertine. If mothers would have only pure girls as fit companions for their boys, then they should have none but pure young men as suitable companions for their girls. I would not drive some poor girl from my door and invite her destroyer into my parlor. But I have known of this being done. It is as wrong as it is dangerous.

When the women of this country apply the same standard of purity to the men as they apply to their own sex, then men will run over each other to adopt it. Let boys and men know that the deadly results of their immoral lives shall fall upon their own heads themselves instead of upon women and you will have done a lasting good for the men themselves as well as for women.

No house of ill-fame should be permitted to run for one day in any city of this land, for those who run such houses do not hesitate to lie, steal, or do anything else to make money. They would buy and debauch the purest girl of this land without a wink. These houses should be put out of business. In most States the law is sufficient now for this purpose. What is needed are pure men, who will enforce the law, and what the people should do is to elect this kind of men. We had better wake up now, before a cyclone strikes us, for the awakening time is coming, yea, now at our door.

I write this with the full knowledge that my life may go out at any time, but should my life be spared and my days lengthened, may they be used in making this world better and happier. I once had the fool idea, which many people have yet, that the object and purpose of life is to make money, have plenty and have a good time. Peace, contentment and happiness, the greatest things of life, can not be bought with money. Life is measured not by what we get out of it, but by what we put into it and by what we really are. A true and noble character thoroughly built from childhood up, is the grandest structure ever erected in this world, and

one which requires the wisest builder. The women of this country are its character builders and I want to help them by writing this little volume. If our men, many of them, would give less attention to business and money making, and give more attention to their wives, to their homes and to properly raising their children, these same men would be a thousand times better off and happier. Money is a good thing to have, if properly used, but it is a poor standard by which to measure life. This life must and will be measured by the good we do or could do in the home and out of it. Home, wife and children, are the centers of happiness to the man who has a home, and he who undertakes to find happiness, except as it flows out from this center, by establishing illicit relations, is the biggest fool in this world. There are men, many of them, if their wives should treat them as they treat their wives, they would leave them and sue them for a divorce in less than a week. Any man should do unto his wife as he would have her do unto him, and he is an old fool if he don't do it. Any man who spends his time down town at nights or at the club, away from his family, his wife can put him down every time as being in some devilment, and she will have the old gentleman down exactly right, and he will go home and lie to her like a dog. Sow misery in your family and you are sure to reap it; the day of reckoning is going to come, and your sins will find you out. Now, with our backs to the past and our faces toward the future, let us look forward to brighter and better days, for the hand of time points to the zenith hour of noon and the clock will soon strike twelve.

CHAPTER VI.

A Plea to Church Members and Preachers.

I shall devote this chapter mainly in behalf of the man in the gutter, or who is going in that direction, and in behalf of his wife and children. In the first place, I want to say that the wife and children can not help, as a rule, what the husband and father does, and they should not be looked down upon or blamed. It is the solemn duty of Christian people and pastors of churches, by personal work, by visiting them in the home, encouraging them and letting them know that you still respect and care for them, to make their lives as tolerable as is possible. Such is the plain teaching of the Master and such is His divine injunction laid upon all Christian people everywhere, and one which can not be disobeyed except at our own peril.

I know that society looks down upon the poor wife of the drunkard and sniffs its nose at her and her children, and refuses to have anything to do with them, but members of the church of the living God can not do this without getting hurt any more than they could thrust the hand into the fire and not get burnt. The parable of the Samaritan was given by the Son of Man to teach Christian people to help those who are down. I plead with all the earnestness of my soul for these poor, disconsolate and broken-hearted women and their thousand-times to be pitied children. It is not enough to think kindly of them with a feeling of sorrow, but by personal work and contact let them know that you love and respect them, and see to it that they do not suffer. Be good and kind to them and always meet them with a pleasant work of comfort and cheer. Invite them out to your church and make them know that they are wanted there. Old Sister Precise may turn up her nose at them when they come, but just let her turn it up if she does. What Sister Precise needs is religion, for she hasn't any, as sure as you are born. It may be that the poor woman and her children have no clothes to wear to church. If they haven't, it would not hurt a few of the members to provide the clothes, and they would feel happier and better for having done so, and they would be better. I have seen this mother; poor woman, God bless her. I have seen her pale, wan face, her sad eyes and her cheeks all stained with tears. I have seen her in her humble home, surrounded by her little, pitiful and helpless children. I have seen her children clinging

to her, almost frightened to death, as they saw their drunken father coming home. I have heard her in the night dreams, and I have seen her wake broken-hearted. I have found her in the home of affluence and plenty and I have seen her later on in misery and in the direst poverty. What did all of this? Drink, alcohol, rum, the gin mill. Mother, mother, dear mother, I would lay down my life for you if it would wipe the tears from your eyes and take the pain from your heart and life. Children of such mothers, dear little lambs, if I could I would take you to my arms and hug you to my bosom and carry you far beyond the storm-clouds of life which overshadow you, and set you down in its gentle sunshine! I am now begging the Christians of this land for you, mother, and for your children. I know your sorrows and am acquainted with your griefs.

The drunken man, the husband and the father, what can I say of him—what can be done for him? He is, in most instances, to be pitied rather than censured. A large majority of all drunkards are made before they reach the age of fifteen years. I don't mean that they are actually drunkards before reaching this age, but I mean that the crop has been planted, the habit and appetite formed. All such should be pitied rather than blamed. Nearly all drunkards are the victims of early appetites, circumstances or bad companions. Some are the victims of ignorance in believing that they can drink without any danger of falling or becoming drunkards. This is what they all think at first, if they think at all. Many young men and boys are led into the fatal habit by the influence and example of older men, a thing which is a great sin to do. Men of high standing in the business, social or political world, who drink in the presence of boys and young men and often invite young men to have a social glass with them, are dangerous to the life and general welfare of young manhood. A man down in the gutter never made a drunkard of anyone else. Social dram-drinking is the curse of this land, and one of its greatest curses. Children begotten by drunken fathers inherit, if not the appetite itself, a weak and dangerous tendency, which, if not watched and guarded, is sure to result in the child falling into the drink habit later on in life. We have to meet all these conditions as we find them and as they are, and we should meet them bravely and with determination. The greatest and worst mistake ever made by a Christian people, or anybody else, is that when one of these unfortunate men or boys starts downward to give him a kick and help him on. He will soon come to the conclusion, and rightly, too, that no one cares for him or has any interest in him whatever, and down, and down he goes, and no one making

any effort to save him, unless it be the immediate members of his family. The world may turn its back on such men and boys, but the church of Jesus Christ and Christian people have no right to do it, and when they do it they violate every precept and example of the Master. It was He who went to the mountains, lone and cold, on the dark and stormy night, to find the sheep that had gone astray, and when He had found it He did not leave it in the mountains to suffer and die, but gathered it to His bosom and carried it safely to the fold. "Where He leads we should follow." Go thou, you who profess to know His name, and do likewise. It is all right and proper to go to church and listen to the beautiful songs and the eloquent sermons, to have our names on the church roll, help pay the preacher and send the Gospel to the heathen. I say this is right, as far as it goes, but this is not all there is to religion by a great deal. The religion of Jesus Christ embraces the brotherhood of man as much as it does the divinity of Christ or the fatherhood of God, and one of its vital principles is that he serves God in the most acceptable way who serves his fellowman the best; and another is, that we obtain happiness in this world by making others happy. "When the Son of Man shall come in His kingdom and all the holy angels with Him," and the final and last judgment has come, the only test that will then be required, and the only one that will stand, will be: Did you in yonder world, while on earth, administer to the needs of suffering humanity; did you feed the hungry, clothe the naked, administer to the sick and those in prison? If so, "enter thou into the joys of thy Lord"; if not, "depart from Me, for I never knew you." These are solemn and awful truths, which ye will do well to heed. Fallen humanity is sick and suffering humanity, and the poor drunkard is a prisoner chained down by his own appetite as securely as ever was a man made secure by iron bars. It is the duty of the church, its members and pastors, by personal work and personal contact, to release these prisoners. I have, many a time, seen preachers and church members pass by these poor unfortunate men, as the priest passed by the man who had fallen among the thieves as he was on his way to Jericho. They seemed to say to the unfortunate man: "Touch not the hem of my garment, for if you do I am defiled." He would soon come to the conclusion that he was not wanted in their society, in their company or on the inside of their churches. His heart longs for sympathy and for a kind word. His greatest desire is to break the chains that bind him and return again to respectable life. He wants encouragement and he needs and must have assistance to break these chains, but "not

a heart to pity or a hand to help." No wonder that he drinks on. If Christian men and women and pastors of churches will go personally to those who drink and ask them to quit, show to them that you feel a kind and friendly interest in them, that you are their friend, that you are ready to receive them again into your homes, nine out of every ten will quit, and if you will keep this interest in them up they will stay quit, and should they happen to fall, just help them to get up again.

You need not hesitate to go to one of these men, for they want you to come and they will be glad when you do come. They don't want to drink, they want to quit, and they want you to help them quit, and you ought to do it. I have talked to hundreds of these men and have yet to talk to the first one who did not thank me from the bottom of his heart. I said to a man the other day, "Jim, I have a favor to ask of you, will you grant it?" He said, "I don't know, what is it?" I said to him, "I want you to quit drinking. Will you do it?" He said to me, "You are the first man ever in life who came to me and asked me to quit," and as he spoke great tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. I said, "Jim, I ask you to quit for your own sake and for the sake of your family. Will you do it?" And, with the tears still rolling down his cheeks, he gave me his hand that he then and there would quit. I said, "Jim, you have made me a promise and I now make you one, and that is, I am going to help you to stay quit"—and I am going to do it.

A young man was one day sitting on a curbstone in Fort Worth, Texas. He had been on a long drunk, and all his money was gone, his clothes were old and his hat had gone to seed. He had traces in his face of refinement. A good woman, as she passed by, looked at this young man, and pity filled her heart. She went up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, asked him his name and where he lived. He told her his name and that he lived in Kentucky. She asked him the name of his parents, and he told her the name of his mother and that his father was dead. She said to him, "Henry, come with me to my home." He tried to beg off by telling her that he was not fit to enter her home. She insisted that he go, and he at last went. She learned from him the address of his mother, and that he had not written her a line in three years, or since he began to drink and gamble. She went to the telegraph office and sent this telegram to the mother: "Your son Henry is at my house. Says that he has been drinking and gambling for three years. He has no money and no clothes." Mother's love for her boy, the sweetest, the truest and the holiest thing of earth! Though he goes to the very bottom in sin and

shame, he can never get beyond the reach of his mother's love. Back flashed the message from Lexington, Kentucky: "God be praised for my boy! Come home. Money will be sent you by telegraph in the morning soon as the bank opens." The money came the next morning and Henry went home to his mother, whose heart was overrun with joy in having restored to her arms her long lost boy. Henry is now one of the leading business men of Lexington, and a strict church member. It did not take this good Fort Worth woman ten hours to save this boy and restore him to his mother. Christian man or woman, you can do the same thing if you will. You can find the opportunity just any day you will look for it.

One other thing, and this chapter is finished. I have said that a majority of drunkards are made in the home or in your neighbors' homes. The same is true of gamblers. Card games in the home, such as high five, progressive euchre, which is gambling pure and simple, poker and so on, and the round dance, with high wines on the side, have ruined thousands and thousands of boys and girls, young men and young women. If it takes these things to get into society, you had better stay out and keep your children out. I have done a good many things in my life, and been to a good many places, but I never broke into what is known as "modern society" or let it break into me. Better break into jail, for you could get out easier and be better off when you got out.

I have been to watering places, health and pleasure resorts, and at these places there are a thousand and one temptations to allure and entice young people, and more especially young girls, into the meshes of their damnable nets. My advice to fathers and mothers is, and it is good advice, to keep your children away from these places, unless you can go with them. The trap is always set and some human vulture is always standing ready to spring the trigger, and thousands of innocent girls have been caught at these places. Unprincipled men go there by the score, "seeking whom they may devour."

I deem it unnecessary to say that all Christian men and women in every part of this land are bound by their church vows and by the teachings of the church of which they are members and by the teachings of the Bible that it is their sacred duty to stand out bravely and boldly, at all times and in all places, against the liquor traffic, work against it and vote against it. This you will do, if you are true to Christ and His religion.

CHAPTER VII.

To Saloon Men.

At the beginning of this chapter I wish to say to those engaged in the liquor traffic that it is not my purpose to abuse you, and I shall not do it. Your business is a creature of the law, and the law is a creature of the ballot box. I haven't anything personal against any saloon man in the United States, but I have no use on earth for his business, for it will not only ruin those who buy his wares, but it will ruin him, and no saloon man can escape from ruin, unless he quits the business, any more than he can change the laws of gravity. There are not five saloon men out of a hundred that ever engaged in this business for ten years that some bad calamity did not overtake them or some member of their immediate families. I have noticed it for twenty years that those who are engaged in the saloon business and made money out of it, that something would happen later on and sweep this money all away or make the money a curse to them in some way or other. There is no escape from it, for he who follows this business is sowing the wind and he is going to reap the whirlwind. I don't want to see any saloon man destroyed or hurt. I want him to quit this business of his own free will and accord. I want him to do this for his own sake, for the sake of his family and for the sake of society, many of whose members his business ruins and many of whose homes his avocation destroys. I want to see the saloon man quit his business, because it is the enemy to the homes, the schools and the churches of this land, his own home included. I want to see him quit the liquor business because it is in league with the brothel and the gambling hell. He may not be in league himself with these things, but the business is. I want to see him quit this business, for it is the headquarters of the worst slavery this world has ever known—the traffic in innocent girls—thousands of whom are lured into the wine-rooms of saloons and from there to houses of prostitution, and at so much apiece, from \$25 to \$100, which is paid to their captor.

Yes, the negro was freed, and the manufacture and sale of liquor was legalized for revenue, which has resulted in a slavery a thousand times worse than negro slavery—the slavery of young, innocent white girls, bought and sold for immoral purposes, first being trapped in the licensed wine-rooms. This hint to parents should be sufficient to put them on their guard continually.

Yes, Mr. Saloon Man, I am opposed to your business, for it is opposed to my best interest and to the best interest of my family, and always has been, and it is opposed to the best interest of everybody else's family, your own included. Your business causes annually 100,000 deaths of our boys and men, 150,000 widows and orphans, reduces 350,000 people to poverty or pauperism, keeps 425,000 children at work when they should be in school, fills our jails and penitentiaries with criminals and asylums with its insane, covers this land with sorrow and tears, lamentations, weeping and great mourning; wives and mothers weeping for their husbands and sons "because they are not." I am opposed to it because it takes from the pockets of the people and from the useful pursuits of life annually \$1,400,000 in money, which better had been burned up.

"In every community we find men, once honored and respected, reduced to poverty, wretchedness and dishonor by spending their money and time in drinking saloons; wives weighed down with grief, sorrow and want, and broken-hearted and helpless children growing up in ignorance, beggary and vice, because husbands and fathers have been drunkards. Millions are invested in this business of making men and boys drunkards and in producing the desolation and ruin of women and children, which, if employed in agricultural, manufacturing or commercial pursuits, and directed by the talents and time wasted in drinking houses, would add untold millions to our aggregate wealth and make as many thousands of happy families as are now made miserable by the liquor traffic." The above is the God's truth, and every thinking man in this country knows that it is the truth. Why any man wants to continue in such a business is hard to tell. I have asked many a saloon man if he liked the business, and every one of them answered that he did not. I have asked them, "Then, why do you stay in the business?" and the answer was, "For the money there is in it." I say to all saloon men now, that you can not afford to follow a business that causes the wreck and ruin to happiness, property and life that the saloon business does, and the best thing that you can do in this world for yourself and family is to get out of it and stay out of it. If you have money enough to run the saloon business you have money enough to go into something else which builds up society and which does not tear down and destroy society. I have been in your homes and I have seen your elegantly furnished apartments, your fine horses and carriages and well-dressed wife and children. I asked myself the question, "Where did you get all these fine things?" I went out of your home into others, where I saw wives and children clothed in rags, living in a

little cabin, careworn and wan, pale-faced and sad. I asked them how came this, and they said that their husbands had spent everything they had and made in your saloons, and I then knew how you got all those fine things. But you can not afford to take the food out of the mouths of women and children and the clothes from off their backs in order to make money in the whisky business. This you have done, this you will continue to do so long as you stay in this business, and you had better get out of it now, for in some way or other, you are going to get badly hurt if you stay in it. You say: "If I get out, some one else will take my place." Perhaps not, but if he does you will have the consolation of knowing that it is not you. If you will stop, sit down and carefully study over this matter, you will quit the whisky business, provided you regard your own safety and the best interest of your own family, to say nothing of other men and their families.

There is one thing I know, and that is, if the church members would quit patronizing you that a good many of you would have to quit. I don't think that you are any more to blame for staying in the business than they are for helping you to stay; provided, they are not among those unfortunate ones on whom has already been fastened the drink appetite. As I have said before, your business is a creature of the ballot box, and I do not think that you are any more to blame, if as much, than the man with the ballot in his hand and who says by that ballot, "I favor the saloon business, I am for it and I want it perpetuated with all of its concomitant evils, its destruction and death, its wreck of homes, happiness and virtue." Those in the liquor business are going to reap what they sow and the man with the ballot, who makes this business possible, is going to have to join in this reaping. The gin mill, which has ground to the death its thousands and thousands, will at last grind to powder those who run these same mills. The storm which has beat so furiously upon other households and destroyed them will yet break forth more furiously still on your own house and destroy you and it. Your only safety is to flee from the liquor business, get out of it before the days of its coming, for come it will, as sure as you are on this earth and as sure as there is a God in Heaven.

For many long years this government was almost torn asunder by negro slavery, which engulfed it in the bloodiest war of modern times. During all the years of slavery they were owned, bought and sold for profit. It was a great evil permitted by this government when it was young. Three-quarters of a century passed away, and the reaping time

came. Hundreds of thousands of our noble men, from the North and from the South, fell in this mighty conflict and thousands of homes were left desolate 'mid the tears, the weeping and wailing of wives and mothers and fatherless children; and we are yet reaping the results of negro slavery.

For nearly forty years we have had in this country the most malignant slavery of ancient or modern times, created by law for revenue and profits. We have been reaping its awful consequences from the beginning, and yet we are reaping more and more. The time for the final harvest has not yet come, but it is coming and its day is approaching. This fearful national sin will be overtaken by a punishment commensurate with its magnitude. That day and that hour is coming, the darkest and blackest day this nation ever saw, yet we are sleeping on and dreaming on, seemingly in perfect ease and security, 'mid the fires that shall sweep us on to destruction. Rome, republican Rome, fell, not from saber and sword, not from the fire of musketry or the belching of cannon, not from invasion by a powerful and mighty army, but from her own internal corruption, drunkenness and rottenness. Her hundred gates have crumbled and her stately monuments are as silent as the dust which they were intended to commemorate. Such will and must be the result to this nation, unless it purges itself from this legalized human slavery of its boys and men, of its girls and women, of this destroyer of life, liberty and happiness; this curse to home, school and church, to childhood, manhood and womanhood, which kills the body and damns the soul.

"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," for thee I plead!

CHAPTER VIII.

A Plea to Fathers and Mothers.

When I remember the struggles which I had in my boyhood days, I can not help but feel a great interest in the children of those into whose lives the evil day has not yet come and whose souls have not yet been poisoned by alcohol. I feel an interest, not in these alone, but still a greater interest in those young boys in whose bodies the flames of this awful appetite have already been kindled, not by their parents willfully, for they would not do such a thing for this world. I well know that when they give their children alcohol or their toddies that they do not know or realize the danger of their acts. Ignorance will not lessen the sufferings or assuage the poison of the arrow once sent to the heart.

I write this warning to fathers and mothers for the sake of their homes and their children. If I had but one other word to say before the time of final dissolution, that word would be, "Don't poison and don't permit anyone else to poison your children with alcohol and fasten on them an appetite which may cause their ruin and blight all the bright prospects of their lives." I have not anywhere in this little volume over-drawn the picture. I have told you the unvarnished truth.

I want to here mention two examples out of the hundreds which I personally know, to impress upon you more forcibly, if possible, the magnitude of this great danger. I do not say that all children would acquire this appetite, for some of them might not and would not, owing to their temperaments or inherited tendencies from their immediate and often-times more remote ancestors, but the danger is too great to take any risk.

I once had a chum, a playmate, one of the brightest and best boys I ever knew. He was good, kind and affectionate, smart in all his books. In the schoolroom we sat side by side, and I loved him as Jonathan loved David. His parents kept brandy in their home, gave it to him and he went to it whenever he got ready. He told me one day that he loved brandy better than anything that ever went to his lips. I thought nothing about it then, but I know now. I saw him grow up to young manhood, a well-educated young man, respected by everybody. He soon took to hard drinking and in less than five years he had killed himself, was carried to the graveyard and buried. His parents, who loved him so well, but

not wisely, were left broken-hearted and disconsolate. He was the early victim of the drink appetite, which had been fastened upon him by a kind and loving father. I have often heard fathers say, "I am going to give my boy whisky whenever he wants it, and put it where he can get it whenever he gets ready. I am going to make him strong and able to resist the temptation by placing it before him." Such folly, such nonsense and such danger! What does your boy know about the consequences of such a course? What does he know about the untried sea of life over which he has never sailed? Better place carbolic acid where he can get it.

Let me now give you the other example. It is about one of these very boys. From the time he was a small boy his father had given him his toddies and kept his whisky where this boy could get to it at pleasure. Before he was eighteen years old he had been drunk dozens of times. On Christmas Day he got drunk and he and some other boys concluded they would have a horse race down the big road. In the middle of this road stood a large oak tree, the road passing on each side of it. When this tree was reached in the race, the boy thought that his horse was going on one side of the tree when he went on the other. The boy struck the tree, fell to the ground bleeding and dying. He was carried on a stretcher to his home. Just before he died he regained consciousness and said to his mother, who stood weeping at his bedside as though her heart would break: "Mother, I am dying; tell father that he did it, though he loved me. He told me when I would be drinking that all boys had to sow their wild oats. Tell him, mother, not to give my little brothers whisky as he did me. Mother, I am dying, and when I am dead and buried and you go to put a stone at my grave, put on it these words: 'I sowed wild oats, I reaped wild oats, and I stacked them beneath this mound.'" He was buried in the graveyard at the old church, and on his tombstone is his name, the date of his birth and the date of his death, and then the words: "I sowed wild oats, I reaped wild oats and I stacked them beneath this mound."

I can not close this chapter without again warning parents against such card games as high five, poker, progressive euchre, etc., and against the ballroom and high wines. Progressive euchre is nothing in the world but gambling. You had just as well play for money and let the winner buy his own prize or keep the money as to play for the prize itself. It creates the desire to gamble, to bet and win, and thousands of young men have been made gamblers by these so-called social games, just as other

thousands of drunkards have been made by social drinking. Yes, it is progressive, but it progresses downward and never upward.

Thousands of as pure girls as God ever made, or ever blessed a home, have gone to their ruin from the ballroom and the round dance. I am not guessing at this, I know it. One night in a city in which I am well acquainted there was a ball where high wines were served to those who engaged in the whirl of the giddy waltz and to others. This ball was attended by a young girl, eighteen years old, who had just returned from college. She took part in the dance, and was prevailed upon to put the wine cup to her lips. By midnight she was drunk. A vulture in the shape of a man slipped her out of that ballroom into the wine-room of a saloon, and long after midnight, when the streets were deserted, she was taken from that wine-room, put into a closed carriage and driven to a house of prostitution, where she was found two weeks later by her own father, ruined forever. He tried to prevail upon her to return home and to her mother, but she refused, saying that she could never face the world again, and in less than six months this mother died of a broken heart.

A good, honest man, who lived in a small Pennsylvania village, was elected to Congress. He had a wife and two children, a boy eighteen years old and a girl sixteen years old, and his home was happy. He and his wife wanted to put their children in "society," and, being wealthy, he rented and furnished a home in the "fashionable" part of Washington City. It was not long before this boy and his beautiful young sister had broken into "society." Card parties, suppers, round dances and high wines at them all. In less than a year this boy was a drunkard and a gambler. One night a pistol shot rang out in that home, his mother rushed to his room and her boy was lying on the floor dead, with a bullet hole in his head, put there by his own hand. She determined to take her daughter back to the old home before she, too, was ruined. The girl did not want to go, but the mother took her anyway. In less than one month after the mother reached her old home in the Pennsylvania village, this girl, her last and only child, hung herself. A post-mortem examination revealed the awful truth that her daughter had been ruined.

Your children need and require pleasure and amusement, but there are plenty of innocent pleasures and amusements in which they can engage without being subjected to the dangers of what is known as "modern society." There are plenty of these vultures in the shape of human beings ready to destroy your home at the first opportunity, which they are

ready to make if given a chance. You should never permit any young man into your home and into your parlor for the purpose of "courting" your daughter unless you are willing to make him your son-in-law.

A few words to married men and I close this chapter. If you want to be happy in your homes, you make your wife and children happy. If you want to be miserable, just make them miserable. You owe it to your wife and to your marriage vows to be as true to your wife as you would have her be to you, and you can not break these vows with impunity. If you do, your own happiness will be destroyed, whether your own wife ever finds it out or not. Another thing, you can not afford to neglect your family for business. If either must be neglected, let it be your business. Some men, on account of their rush to make money, get home so late at night and leave so early in the morning that their own children hardly know them. Any man is in a bad fix who has been swept into the wild and mad rush of the present-day commercialism. Such men lose sight of their families and everything else that is good.

Commercialism, dangerous as it is, is not to be compared to the dangers of libertinism. It breaks all bounds, knows no restraints, throws the marriage vows to the winds, only soon to be consumed in its own cauldron of sin. It seeks its prey at all times and everywhere. It employs all manner of devices, chicanery and stratagem, and it makes its strongest card social standing and wealth. Of the forty thousand innocent girls annually trapped, bought and sold into this sensual, devilish and hellish slavery, many of them are the victims of wealthy libertines.

May the disclosures of this chapter put parents on the watchtower for the safety of their children, and God grant that they heed the counsel and take the advice herein given, and may He protect our innocent boys and girls from all harm.

CHAPTER IX.

To Boys and Young Men.

It is my purpose in this chapter to briefly call attention to a few things which, if begun and persisted in, will spoil the life and ruin any boy or young man in this country. I shall not only point out some of life's great dangers, but shall also point out the way over its sea which is free from sandbars and rocks and on which no mariner has ever yet been wrecked. That clouds will gather and storms will come is certain, but I now shall trim the lamps and light up the lighthouse to safely guide your vessel to port, safe from the winds and storms. The safety of this country in the years to come depends on the boys and on the young men of today. As they are, so this country is going to be. Into their keeping must be given the future destiny of this nation, its life, civilization and religion, the prosperity and happiness of unborn generations and of the present generation. What the next generation is to be, will largely be determined by what this generation is now, a result largely made up from the individual lives of the boys and young men of today; and in this summing up, every life must be counted, either for good or for evil, for weal or for woe.

The most dangerous thing to boyhood and to young manhood is the liquor appetite and the liquor habit, generally formed in our boys by their parents and in our young men by social drinking. This appetite and habit have put out thousands of our brightest lights, and has caused to set forever many of our brightest stars. The drink habit will ruin any man or boy regardless of friends, wealth or social standing, if persisted in. It dwarfs the intellectual faculties, blunts the moral perceptions, paralyzes the nerves and brain, destroys the physical forces and unfits its victim for every honorable pursuit in life. To escape from its blighting and withering effects there is but one path of safety. All other ways have failed and forever will fail. They may lead you on for a short while by what you think are sweet-scented roses and lilies of the valley, only too soon to discover that your path is beset with thorns and brambles at every step of the way. This way, this safe way, this only safe way, is never, never, never to put the glass to your lips. The most dangerous, fearful and awful hour that ever came into the life of the boy or young man is that dark, black hour when he lifts the glass to his lips for the

first time. It is enough to make the angels in heaven weep, could they foresee the coming consequences of that hour, and cause the blood to congeal in the veins of mortal beings.

The first drink—here is where all the danger lies. Young man, I am your friend, wherever you are and whoever you may be, and by all that is sacred and near and dear to you, by the worth of your own life in this world and in the world to come, let me ask you, "So long as the heart hath passions, so long as the life hath woes," never raise the fatal glass to your lips. May God help you never to do it!

Another dangerous thing to young life is reading bad books and other bad literature, such as thrilling detective stories of daring adventure, narrow escapes and capture, stories of dark crimes, robbing banks and express cars and of midnight assassins, robbery and escape, tales of illicit love, obscene books and pictures. I say these things are dangerous and young people should never read such literature, and they can not do it without getting hurt. Thousands of boys and men have gone to the penitentiary, and some even to the gallows, as a result of reading some bad book or other. Many a dark crime has had its inspiration in reading bad books, like the "Lives of the James Boys," "Younger Brothers," "The Wild West," "Wild Bill," "Buffalo Bill," and their like. Any bad book is poisonous, both to life and character, and should be kept out of the home, and shunned by young people as they would shun the poisonous viper. Life and character are determined by what they feed upon and are built out of the very materials which they daily use. Good books, like good company, are healthy and invigorating to the moral nature. Keep good company and read only good books, including that book of all books, the Bible; let liquor alone, be truthful, be honest, be energetic, and you are safe and your life will be a success, full of peace and happiness. You must treat every man's sister just like you would have him treat your own sister. Don't desecrate the Sabbath day. You can not afford to do it, and you can't without getting much the worst of it.

I want to forcibly remind you of another thing: Don't let the main purpose of your life be to make money, but let the real aim of your life be to do all the good you can in this world. That man who uses up his life in gathering together wealth and profits will find in the end that he has wasted his life. It is not what you get out of life which will bless you and bless the world, but it is what you put into it. Every dollar rightly used is a blessing, and every dollar wrongly used is a curse. True character, an educated head, hand and heart, is a far better legacy to

leave to you than money. The money spent in sin and in gratifying sinful appetites and passions is many times worse than wasted, to say nothing of the injuries done. Make all the money you can honestly, but be sure to use it in the right way.

I would remind you of another thing, of that restless disposition among boys and young men to leave the home and the farm to go to the city and take up city life and city ways. There are many good people in cities and there are many other things there which are not so good. Don't you get it into your head that you can do better in the city than you can at home with your parents, for you can't do it, and it is dangerous to try it. Many a boy has gone to his ruin and he started the very day when he left the old home to go to the city. Mother's apron strings are a mighty good thing to be tied to, and don't you get in any hurry to cut loose, for she is the best friend that you will ever have. I know that parents are often to blame for their boys leaving home. The way to keep them at home is to make home the most pleasant and attractive place on earth. Mother, give your boy one of the best rooms in the house, fix it up for him and make it cozy and nice. Provide innocent pleasures and amusements for your children and write the young people to come to help enjoy them. Make home a veritable playground, rip, romp and play—all so necessary to the proper development of childlife into innocent and strong young manhood and young womanhood. But when you think that you can make a work ox out of your boy, kick and cuff him around just any old way and put him in just any old place, the very first thing you know he will be gone and you are to blame for it. You have simply reaped what you sowed.

I am going to hope that this short chapter will prove a great blessing to our boys and young men, and it can not fail to do it, if they will only heed the good and friendly advice herein contained.

I close this chapter with the following sad stanzas, the prayer of many a broken-hearted mother:

Where is my wandering boy tonight—
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

Where is my wandering boy tonight?
Where is my wandering boy tonight?
Wherever he goes, I love him he knows,
O, where is my boy tonight?

Once he was pure as the morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none so sweet as he.

O, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime.

Go for my wandering boy tonight,
Go, search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

CHAPTER X.

To Girls and Young Women.

What I shall say to you in this chapter will be in the way of sound, fatherly advice and warning. What I said in the previous chapter concerning bad books and other bad literature applies to girls and young women the same as to boys and young men, and which I shall not repeat here. Girls, however, who read this character of literature, as a rule, read a different kind to what boys read. In other words, girls like to read these wild stories of adventure, provided they have a love affair mixed up with them. Such stories, without the love affair, may be read by boys, but by girls hardly ever. Fiction forms a very essential and a very important part of our literature. Some of the best, the strongest and most inspiring lessons and morals of life are taught in fiction. But there is fiction which helps and there is fiction which hurts and may destroy; light, trashy, intended to be read not for any moral or information it contains, not to enlighten the mind of the reader or elevate the moral or spiritual nature, but to interest, to thrill and to excite by a tale, the like of which never took place and never will, or if its like has taken place it would be better forgotten than told in a book. The authors of our best and readable fiction are well known, but the "yellow-back" kind should be severely let alone and left unread. It plays on the lower faculties and destroys the taste for solid reading and does much harm in every way. To get in the way of reading trashy novels is very dangerous, indeed. I have seen girls who had acquired this habit to such an extent that they would sit and read one of these novels after another from day to day and often till after midnight. Other books had no interest for them in the world. Read all the good books you have time to read, but let trashy novels alone, for there is no good in them, but much harm.

What I have heretofore said about the ballroom, the round dance, progressive euchre and such like, I wish to adopt here and make a part of this chapter without repeating it. I am going to hope that you will read, carefully study and ponder over these things and that I have done you a lasting favor by writing this little volume.

That girls will have sweethearts goes without saying, and this is right and proper, provided they will consent to wait till they get grown and wise enough to choose rightly and to understand what marrying means,

together with its trials and responsibilities. Girls not yet old enough to drop their dresses should devote their time to their books and in assisting their mothers and not to the boys. I suppose that most girls have the sixteen-year-old fever, but just be patient and wait and you will get over it, for it is not fatal, only to those who try the antidote of getting married. All you have to do is to go to school, study your books, play with your dolls and help your mothers. Thinking about marrying? Oh, no; not yet. When you get old enough to think right will be time enough.

There is a little, gentle and harmless looking animal that I want to warn you against. It is called a dude. He won't work if he can help it, wears fine clothes, has soft skin and white hands, loves to talk and laugh and impress you with his importance, smokes cigarettes, drinks red liquor and perfumes his breath with spices and his clothes with German cologne, parts his hair in the middle (Sam Jones says he does this because there is not room enough to part it on the side), and is a general all-around high-roller. Just let this little animal alone, and if it comes about you, lead it out to the front gate and show it the road once for all. I have seen girls, and especially young girls, get smitten with one of these little creatures. I have a girl in mind now, a beautiful girl, just blooming into womanhood. She had two sweethearts. One of them was one of these little animals, the other an honest, sober, plain, hard-working young man, who loved her dearly and who would have made her a good, honest living. But the dude could outdress him and outtalk him and give him ten in the game. "Dog my cats," if that fool girl didn't jilt that hard-working young man and marry that dude, and actually ruined her own life and the life of him who really loved her and would have made her happy. It is better for any girl to marry a man instead of a bundle of shams "diked up" in fine clothes. Never marry a man just to get a home. That time is past in this country. Prepare yourself for life so you can make your own way in the world if necessary. Never marry any man just because he has money, and never give your hand unless your heart goes with it. You owe this to yourself and to the man you marry, otherwise "there will be trouble in the camp." Marry no man unless he is worthy of you. No woman can live happily with any man whom she knows or thinks to be beneath her. A woman may stand for a husband to look up to her, but she will despise him for doing it. Marry a man to reform him? Not till two black Sundays come together, and not then. Do it, and you will be the one who will get reformed or transformed or something worse. You will reform him first and then marry him, will you?

Maybe you will, but if he reforms just to get you, he won't stay reformed afterwards. He will say: "I have got you now, and I'll do just as I please," and he will do it. Better marry a man who don't need any reforming. Not everyone by a good many who comes and pours into your ears their sweet tales of love mean a word they say. They are lying to you like a cur dog, and they know it. You can always tell their kind and the first one of these curs who insults you by making an indecent proposal to you, drive him from your door forever; tell your mother that she may tell your father, or tell him yourself, so that he can beat some of the dog out of him. I told you that I was going to give you some good, friendly, fatherly advice, and I am doing it, and it's sound as a rock and I want you not to fail to take it all. I don't care who you are or where you live, I am your friend, and want to help you to the best things which are in life for you. I don't want to see your life hurt or spoiled or your happiness destroyed, and it is not going to be done if I can help it. Your virtue is the brightest crown that ever bedecked the head of womanhood, brighter and far more precious than ever crowned the head of a queen in any royal household of kingdoms or empires. Lose this, and all is lost forever; the brightest day becomes the blackest night, the long, dark night whose sun is set to rise no more. Better had you never been born. Better had your destroyer torn you limb from limb, and better for him had a millstone been tied to his neck and he cast into the middle of the sea. If vengeance failed to overtake him the very rocks would cry out. As he listens to the mournful dirge of the night winds, he shall hear the gathering of the coming storm as it lashes the waves into the white foam, 'mid lightning's flash and thunder's roar, which shall drive his barque forever upon the eternal shores of vengeance.

There are four things exceedingly dangerous to the life and happiness of our girls and young women, which I desire to mention. These things are promises of marriage falsely made, mock marriages, decoy advertisements and starvation wages.

You can avoid the dangers of the first two by following the advice already given. One other additional thing I will mention. Have little to do with strange young men of whom you know nothing. Treat them civilly, but no more. I have seen these young men arrive in a town or community and they would not be there a week until they would begin to try to "make a mash" on some girl or other, and, strange to say, I have seen girls encourage them. These young men may be married for all you know, and they often are, and pass themselves off as single to

"have a time" at your expense, then get away and tell what a fool they made of you and laugh about it. A nice strange young man, who thinks well of himself and of your sex, is not going to push himself forward and get "fresh" as soon as he hits a town or community. When he does, have nothing to do with him whatever, for he means no good. One of these fellows said: "I am just seeing how many scalps I can hang to my belt."

You should learn those natural laws which regulate and govern your sex, for such laws have much to do with your health and happiness throughout your whole life. If these laws are violated, the penalty is sure to follow, and ignorance of them will not mitigate this penalty one whit. Let your manner of dress be not for beauty alone, but for beauty and health.

I hope this chapter may be of great benefit to each one and all of you, and it can not fail to be if you will study and follow it. Now, may happiness and prosperity attend you all the days of your lives, and may the pleasures of imagination fill and sweeten your dreams. May you have one perpetual round of sunshine and gladness until the setting of life's sun behind the western hills, and may it go down in one grand, resplendent halo of glory. Then may the eternal morn burst in upon your freed spirit in the Paradise of God, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Adieu, but I hope not forever.

Why should we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarm;
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to His arms.

CHAPTER XI.

The Legalized Liquor Traffic.

I have said in former chapters of this little volume that the legalized liquor traffic is the ally of the traffic in pure girls, the ally of the white girl slavery. I want to repeat again that the saloon, the wine-room, the legalized liquor traffic, is the piston rod, the steamchest, the powerhouse of this slave traffic in American white girls. It is the coupling pin which holds this traffic together, without which it must fall to pieces. The saloon is the highway to the house of prostitution, the dark way and the night way. It is the mill that grinds out libertines and the feed trough where passions flourish and fatten. The saloon is false, foul and filthy, the friend of the harlot and the enemy of the home, the breeder of vice and the destroyer of virtue. It is vicious, vile and villainous; the destroyer of public health, public morals and public decency. It is the gateway to the gambling hell and the front door to houses of prostitution. It puts to silence some ministers in the pulpit and dictates to some editors on the tripod what they shall publish and what they shall not publish about the decoys, traps, nets, snares, plots and pitfalls used by the trappers and the traders, and that their diabolical and damnable deeds may be hidden from the public. It lays its hand on the Associated Press and commands it not to say anything about what the Purity Congress did in Battle Creek, Michigan, in exposing the plots, snares, traps and pitfalls used by the trappers and traders, and less than ten lines of the proceedings of this Congress, which proceedings should have made columns in the newspapers, were sent out by this Associated Press. Had there been a prize fight at Battle Creek, this would have been reported by rounds. But the trapping and selling forty thousand pure, innocent girls into the slavery of the brothel is too insignificant for the Associated Press to pay any attention to. The liquor traffic is the slimy snake that coils itself around its victim and squeezes out of him everything that is noble and manly, bites like the serpent it is and stings like an adder. It respects no law, regards no man and worships no god but Mammon. It ruins the character of men, encourages vice, makes criminals, crowds prisons, fills poor-houses, blights the purity of men, blasts the virtue of women, poisons the brain, paralyzes the nerves, debauches humanity, fills premature graves and damns the soul.

The saloon is the headquarters of the trappers and the traders; the incubator of vice, crime and misery; the cesspool of debauchery, immorality and corruption. It burns the tongue, blights the body, blears the eye, bloats the face, poisons the blood, drains the pocket, bankrupts men, destroys women, and starves children. It deadens the conscience, destroys the will, degrades the morals, diseases the body, darkens the judgment, dethrones reason, blights the expectations, buries hopes, fills the land with misery and death and hell with the souls of the lost. It is a social, physical, financial and a moral curse, and lays its slimy fingers on every man, on every home and on every business in the land. It is the friend of the gambling den and the brothel, and the enemy of the home, the school and the church. The saloon is the house of refuge, the ally of the traffic in pure, innocent and unsuspecting white girls, by which over forty thousand young girls, as pure as the morning dewdrops, are annually trapped and sold for immoral purposes. They give nothing for the millions of dollars which they take from their patrons, except wreck and ruin, devastation and destruction. They are the product of the law and the law is the product of the American voter with the ballot in his hand, which ballot he stains with innocent blood and blisters with the tears of women and children when he casts this ballot to perpetuate this, the greatest of all curses, the liquor traffic.

The great danger to this government is not because men sell alcohol and men drink alcohol, not the liquor traffic per se, but because the government legalizes, authorizes and protects this traffic by law, thereby putting its stamp of approval upon all the work of destruction resulting from this same legalized liquor traffic. The State and National governments sell permits at so much a permit, which enable men, without any fear of molestation, to engage in a traffic which has made an army of six hundred thousand drunkards in this country; which annually kills over one hundred thousand men and boys; which has slain since the Civil War twenty-five hundred thousand of our citizens; which annually makes over one hundred and fifty thousand widows and orphans; which yearly reduces over three hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children to poverty or pauperism; which fills our jails and penitentiaries with its criminals and our asylums with its insane; which forces thousands and thousands of little boys and girls to work in factories, mines, packing houses, sweatshops and in other immoral and unhealthy places for a little something to eat and wear, on account of drinking fathers, when these children should be in school; which covers the land with broken-

hearted wives, mothers, sisters and daughters and fills many once happy homes with mourning and tears, on account of drinking husbands, sons, brothers and fathers; which takes from the useful pursuits of life ten times more money than the government gets back in revenue, to say nothing of what society suffers on account of the crimes it causes to be committed.

The revenue derived from the legalized liquor traffic is the price of men's blood and women's tears. Governments, like individuals, must reap what they sow, and when this government sows destruction to its citizens, among whom are over forty thousand innocent girls annually destroyed, by means of this same legalized liquor traffic, then this government must reap destruction. This government was founded to protect the life, liberty and happiness of the people. The legalized liquor traffic destroys life, liberty and happiness. Can a house divided against itself stand? Yes, this government will stand, but the liquor traffic is doomed, and with it the trappers and the traders in white girl slavery.

We are told that we can not legislate morality into men. What is the law for, anyway? It is to protect society and punish evil doers. Why have a law against murder and stealing? To protect life and property. Why should we have a law against making and selling liquor? To protect life and property. No, it was never intended to legislate morality into men, but to restrain them from injuring society and to prevent them from destroying the life or taking the property of the people without giving value received for it.

A preacher recently said from his pulpit in a wide-open saloon town, that no man, set of men or any government had any right to tell him what he should eat or drink. This has been quoted all over this country by the papers in league with the liquor traffic as the one unanswerable argument, coming from a minister of the Gospel, in favor of saloons. No one wants to tell this preacher, or anyone else, what he shall eat or drink. If he wants to eat spoiled meat, just let him eat it. If he wants to eat poison food, let him eat it. If he wants to eat cocaine or opium, let him eat it. If he wants to eat impure or poison food, let him go to it. But the day that you sell him poison food he will have you arrested for violating the "pure food law." The question is not what I shall eat or drink. The question is what I have the right to sell my neighbors for them and their children to eat or drink. You are not allowed to sell unhealthy, impure or poison food. In the name of God, then, I ask why men are allowed to sell poison drink, which poisons both soul and body.

Alcohol in all of its forms is a poison, as everybody knows that has sense enough to get in out of the rain. Every schoolboy and schoolgirl who ever studied the common school physiologies knows this. Every physician in the land says so. It is against the law to sell poison food anywhere in this country, and it should equally be against the law to sell poison drink.

But some one says: "I am one who believes in personal liberty." Personal liberty to do what? To vote for the saloon that destroys life and liberty, peace and happiness, men, women and children, and which has not one good thing to recommend it? Is this the kind of personal liberty you want? Your personal liberty ends when it comes in conflict with the public good. You have the right to do just what you please till what you do injures your neighbors or hurts society, and right there your personal rights must come to an end. This is the bedrock principle of all well-organized society. Some of the blackest and most damnable crimes ever committed were committed in the name of personal liberty.

It is sometimes said that it is undemocratic to vote for prohibition and against the legalized liquor traffic. Is the Democratic party a whisky-soaked party? If so, you had better not tell this where it can get out. Was not the immortal John H. Reagan a good Democrat? Reagan said: "In every community we find men, once honored and respected, reduced to poverty, wretchedness and dishonor by spending their money and time in drinking saloons; wives weighed down with grief, sorrow and want, and broken-hearted and helpless children growing up in ignorance, beggary and vice, because husbands and fathers have been drunkards. Millions of dollars are invested in this business of making men and boys drunkards and in producing desolation and ruin of women and children, which, if employed in agriculture, manufacturing and commercial pursuits, and directed by the talents and the time wasted in drinking saloons, would add untold millions to our aggregate wealth, and make as many thousands of happy families as are now made miserable by the liquor traffic." This is what the great Southern Commoner said.

Is Governor Folk of Missouri a good Democrat? Here is what he said in a message to the Missouri Legislature: "The State of Missouri is wealthy enough to support its institutions without making them owe their existence to licensing a business that degrades the youth and pollutes the morals of men. It is wrong to support the State government by putting a price on vice and it is wrong to license the liquor traffic at all. If it be insisted that men will drink and sell liquor any way, and that the State may as well profit by their appetite and lust for gain, it could

with equal force be urged that men will kill, and, therefore, the State of Missouri should in certain forms and in certain places license murder so as to profit by this weakness of mankind." What Governor Folk said about licensing the liquor traffic in Missouri equally applies to Texas and to every other State and to the National government.

Was not Thomas Jefferson a good Democrat? Are not some of you walking in his political footprints? Do you not know that Thomas Jefferson was bitterly opposed to the legalized liquor traffic? This traffic was first legalized by Congress while Washington was President of the United States, to help pay the debt of seventy million dollars caused by the war between the Colonies and England. This law Thomas Jefferson had repealed, and the legalized liquor traffic was no more from the time when Jefferson was President until 1863, when this traffic was again legalized by Congress to help pay the enormous debt caused by the Civil War. Never was a day in the life of Thomas Jefferson when he did not bitterly oppose the legalized liquor traffic. Lincoln himself was opposed to the legalized liquor traffic, and this traffic would not have been legalized while he was President except as a war measure.

The liquor traffic is a National evil and must have a National remedy. We can never save this country by saving it in spots. There is but one lasting and final solution of the liquor question, and that is an amendment to the National Constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, exportation and importation of alcoholic liquors anywhere in our National domain, except for mechanical, medicinal and scientific purposes and for use in the arts. Let Congress submit this amendment to the people of the several States for their ratification or rejection, and at a time when there is no other question before the people, and let them pass upon this amendment free from all bias or prejudice and independent of their political affiliations, and with the amendment wholly divorced from party politics. This is the method by which the liquor traffic question will be finally and everlasting settled in the United States, and in this way, and in no other way, the final settlement of this problem must come. Local option and State-wide prohibition are now making rapid strides toward National prohibition, and I want to live to see the day when the saloon curse and the liquor traffic will forever be routed from the face of our great and common country. May God speed the coming of this, the greatest of all days in our whole history. Then civic righteousness will cover this land "as waters cover the sea." Sweet, beautiful, glorious and happy day this will be when the armies of the Lord, clothed and

united in battle array shall go forth with a tread that will make the cohorts of wickedness shake and tremble; with the snow-white ballot in one hand and the badge of honor, love and civic righteousness in the other hand, "fighting for the green graves of their sires, fighting for their altars and their fires, for God and their native land." Then the forces of King Alcohol shall be routed fore and aft, root and branch, in the front and in the rear, and the protocol of peace shall be written in the Constitution of this Republic, which shall declare that King Alcohol has lost his kingdom forever. In this battle I am determined to have a part and in the glory of victory I want to live to rejoice. I only ask a place in the ranks that I may be in the front and in the thickest of the fight, and if I go down, let me go, but let there not survive one messenger of defeat. This government must go out of the whisky business, or it must go out of the government business.

The conflict is on. Men and women are marshaling from the North, South, East and West as never before. Which side are you on? Do you favor or oppose the diabolical deeds, the dark plots, schemes, traps and pitfalls of the trappers and the traders of which I have already told you? If you oppose this traffic in pure, innocent girls, then you must also oppose its ally, the liquor traffic. You can not consistently oppose the one and favor the other, no more than you can consistently oppose murder and favor the murderer, or oppose crime and favor the criminal, or stand for the home and favor its destroyer, or talk for God and work for the devil. Our trouble is that our vision don't get clear till our own "chickens come home to roost." So long as they belong to some one else we are content to let some one else see after them. It should not take a personal visitation of some great calamity in our own home to wake us up. I know a preacher who has always opposed prohibition, worked and voted against it. Not long since his section went wet, and as a result there are three or four saloons in his justice precinct. Not long ago his own boys went to one of these saloons, got drunk, came home and raised all kinds of Cain. The next day this good brother started out calling on the brethren, saying to them: "Brethren, something must be done. We have just got to do something with this saloon business, for they are ruining the country. We must get up a petition and have an election and vote them out of here." What's the matter with the brother? Nothing, only his "chickens came home to roost." Just so long as some other mother's girl is trapped, sold and destroyed, or some one else's boy sent to a drunkard's grave, it makes no

difference with some people, and they pay no attention to it. Better look out, "Your own chickens may come home to roost." I heard a man, a member of the church, say that "houses of ill-fame are a necessary evil." I asked him why so? He said, "For the protection of our wives and daughters." I said to him, "Well, if houses of ill-fame are a 'necessary evil,' then somebody's girl must be destroyed to provide this 'necessary evil,' and why not this girl be one of your daughters, and had not one of your daughters as well be sacrificed as the daughter of anyone else?" The trouble with this man is that he wanted the other fellow's chickens to come home to roost, and such a man's own chickens will not fail to come home to roost in some way or other.

You ask what I am going to do about it? I ask, what are you going to do about it? I am going to work and vote for the annihilation of the liquor traffic, which is the ally of the white slave traffic, so long as I have strength and life, or until the liquor traffic and the traffic in pure girls no longer disgraces this country. Are you going to do this? I am advocating, with all the powers of my soul, the single standard of purity for both men and women, that husbands, fathers and sons should be as pure as they want their wives, mothers, daughters and sisters to be. Where do you stand? Are you for such a standard or are you against it? I stand for a law in every State in this Union severe enough to wipe out every house of ill-fame from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Where do you stand and how do you stand on this? I stand for the protection of home, wives, mothers and children, and I will never stain the snow-white ballot placed in my hands with their blood or wet it with their tears. Where do you stand and how will you vote?

I stand for a law to hang as high as Haman the vile scoundrel and his accessories, before or after the fact, who trap, buy or sell pure, innocent girls into the slavery of the brothel. I want to see such a law in every State in the United States. Where do you stand? If you favor such a law, then go to work to nominate and elect men who will pass such a law in your own State. Nominate and elect only pure men, men who stand for civic righteousness, for booze fighters, liquor dealers and their allies would never enact such a law.

I want to place the information given in this little volume in every community in this land, from one end of it to the other. I want you to help me do this, because the people need to have the information, for much of it they positively do not know. I want you to help me do this, because I can not do it without your help.

I stand for the thousands and thousands of American girls who have to make their own living in the world, and oftentimes have to help support their mothers and little brothers and sisters. I would warn them against the traps, snares, nets, plots and pitfalls and temptations of the city. I am against that man or business that pays them starvation wages in order that he may coin more gold; for human life is more precious than money, and virtue and happiness more to be desired than fine gold. All of us are going to take one side of this question or the other. To say that we will take neither side means that we take the wrong side, for every life must be measured by what it does and not by what it does not do; not by what it gets out of the world, but by what it puts into the world for the common good and general welfare.

This may be the last message from me to the people of this country, and if it should be, then let my last words be these: Let us take no uncertain stand for the right and against the wrong; be the good Samaritan to those down in the world, to those in pain, distress, misery and sorrow, to the disconsolate and the broken-hearted and to those of whom the Master said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto Me."

To the wives, mothers, daughters and sisters, what shall I say to you now? If I could, I would go to the mountains and the valleys and pluck therefrom the fairest flowers that wave and bend in the winds of Heaven—the vine, the rose and the immortelles—and with my own hands I would weave them into garlands and crowns to bedeck the brow of every true, loyal and loving woman in all this land. In your right hand I would place the scepter of love and in your left hand a harp of a thousand strings, and I would sit me down at your feet and have you play and sing to me of "Mother, Home and Heaven."

Finally, above all the wealth of this world, power, honor or glory, the one thing I most desire is to be always remembered by the people of my country while I live, and when I am dead that I may have a monument, not of granite or marble, but one living and abiding in the hearts and affections of my fellow countrymen; not because I have done mighty deeds of valor or heroism; not because I have ever aspired to greatness, power or fame, but because I have "bearded the lion in his den," and exposed the fearful, awful, black and damnable traffic in pure, innocent girls—the Black Plague of the American continent.

CHAPTER XII.

Conclusion.

I have now come to the last chapter of this little volume. What I have said is every line the truth and it has been said honestly and for the purpose of being a blessing to those who read it.

I have given some very important lessons and sound advice, both for the old and the young. I have sought to write to bless the home and the young people. Every line has had breathed on it a prayer that I might say the right thing in the right way. I am satisfied with the effort and I hope the reader is not disappointed. I have endeavored to tell a true, sad and plain story in a simple and plain way. I have faithfully warned parents against fostering upon their own dear children the drink appetite. I have plead with Christian people and ministers of the Gospel for the drunkard, for his wife, his children and his home. I have begged the saloon man for his own sake, for the sake of his family and for the sake of other men and their families, to quit the liquor business and do something else which will be a blessing to humanity and not a curse. I have plead with and for our boys and young men, that they may escape the ravages and the destruction caused by the drink habit, and that they may get the purest and best things out of this life. I have plead, as best I could, the cause of our dear girls and young women, and have advised them as any loving father should advise his own dear children.

In memory I turn back the pages in the book of life till I come to my childhood days, standing once more at my mother's knee, and see her loving eyes looking tenderly into mine. I see her in the home as in days of old with the bloom of youth upon her cheeks and her life one perfect May day. I see her as she goes about, to and fro, in that "old Kentucky home," gathering the sweet-scented flowers and apple blossoms. Again, I see her as she bends over my little bed with anxious look and aching heart and kisses my burning lips all scorched with fever. I see her again in the old church and hear her voice, melodious, sweet and clear, as she sings:

"How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May."

Or:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word."

I turn the book again, and I see my mother, old and gray, with eyes that are dim, with bowed form and feeble step. I see no more the blossom of youth upon her brow, but I see the eternal flowers bursting forth to bloom forever in the Paradise of God. I hear her sing again in a voice more sweet than ever before:

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

Yes, mother, home and childhood, God help me to help these. I love my country and its people, and there is no good that I would not have it and them possess, and there is no evil from which I would not have it and them escape, but I can not help loving Kentucky and Texas best of all. Kentucky, the home of my childhood, where I played as a barefooted boy. Its rivulets and rills, its rocks and hills, its meadows and orchards, its homes and firesides, are all yet near and dear to me. It was here I spent my school days and here I grew into young manhood and married. It is here where sleep many of my kindred, a sleep from which there is no waking till that eternal morn.

Texas, beautiful, grand and glorious Texas! My adopted home, I will love thee forever! Your soil is sacred to me, for beneath it sleeps my child, my little boy, and my dear father and brother. Texas, baptized in the blood of my kindred, my uncle, William, who fought under Crockett at the Alamo, whose body was consumed in the funeral pyre, whose fires shone around the world and placed the brightest star in the constellation of States.

I have truthfully portrayed the traffic in pure, innocent white girls and its ally, the liquor traffic. I have made this little volume short on purpose that I may, by the help of the good people, place it in every home in this land. I would freely give it away were I able, but the last four years

of my life, which I have donated to charity work in helping to better the condition of suffering and helpless women and children, and the expenses of these four years work, amounting to hundreds of dollars, which I have paid out of my own money, and the support of my family, make it impossible for me to give the book away only to those too poor to pay for it.

I have labored for these four years to get child labor laws passed to prevent the employing of children in mines, factories, sweatshops, packing houses and in other occupations which destroy these children, physically, mentally and morally, or wholly incapacitates them for life and unfit them for fatherhood and motherhood. I am glad to say that during these past four years there have been passed better child labor laws in many of the States than ever before in our history. I do not say that I alone caused this to be done. I just did my best. I asked Congress to pass a law authorizing an investigation into the working condition of women and children in mines, sweatshops, packeries and factories. This law was passed by the last Congress. I do not say I caused it to be passed, but it was never passed before. I have labored hard for laws in the several States to be enacted to establish juvenile courts and reform schools for dependent, neglected and incorrigible children. Such laws have been enacted in several States during these four years. I don't say that I caused this to be done. I did all I could, for I thought it was my duty.

We must now faithfully begin a campaign for those laws and policies mentioned in the chapter of this book which is headed "Remedy." We must join and close up our ranks and fight as never before on earth. There is no time for indifference or shirking. Let every man and woman to the front, for the battle is strong and the cause is righteous. Let us fight to destroy the liquor traffic before it destroys us and all that is near and dear to us. Let us fight to wipe out the disgrace and put an end to the worst slavery now on the earth, trapping and selling innocent and unsuspecting white girls for immoral purposes. May God help us to do this. Let us work and labor to have laws enacted such as I have mentioned, for the protection of home, mother, father and child. On with the battle. Win, and we save this country from wreck, ruin and destruction; lose, and this government must fall from greed, graft, debauchery and drunkenness.

I have been urged to send articles to every paper in this land, giving the people information such as is contained in this book. I will do this

if you will help me do it. This is a great undertaking, but I will do it if the people will just stand by me and help me do it. It will take money to do this, and I have not got it of my own. I did have it, but I have used it to help those who could not help themselves. To send such articles to all the papers would put these awful sins and wrongs fully before the American people and when they once know of them they will do the rest. Every cent you want to send me will be used in this way to bless the homes, the mothers, wives and children. All the profits from the sale of this book will go the same way and to enable me to give it to the poor not able to pay for it. I know and, now you have read it, you also know that this book can not fail to bless every home and everybody who reads it. Will you help me place it in the homes, in the hands of fathers and mothers, boys and girls, young men and women? Please do not fail to do this for their sakes. Every fifty cents invested in this book will bless some home, some wife, some mother or child and it will bless you for sending it. If three books are sent for at one time, they can be had for \$1.

I now dedicate this little volume to the mothers of this land, and may the very God of peace and love be with them and roll away the sorrows of their lives and wipe the tears from their eyes. May a better and brighter day come to them, their homes and their children, and may joy, peace and happiness ever attend them in this world and a crown of everlasting glory, honor and happiness in the world to come.

I now say good-by. I hope that it is not farewell, a long farewell, but if it is, and I should never see you in this life, let us live, strive and work to meet up yonder in the Paradise of God. May the sweetest blessings of Heaven ever attend you all, and may you be safely kept in the path of love and duty till the Master calls.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Four years ago I conceived the idea of "The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule," whose constitution, principles and purposes I hereinafter set forth. This organization is chartered, and the charter is of record in the city of Austin, Texas. This charter is signed and duly acknowledged by fifty men and women, representing ten different States in the United States.

I submit to you now that no secular organization has ever yet set forth a greater or more far-reaching work and purposes than is set forth in the twenty-five succeeding articles. It is an utter impossibility to carry out this work and these purposes without organization and unity of forces. It takes work and workers and means to carry on the work and to carry out these purposes. Are you for this work as is hereinafter set forth, or are you against it? If you are for it, we ask you to join in with us to make it the greatest possible success. We believe that we have presented to the individual man and woman a great opportunity to do far-reaching service for great good, a service that will be uplifting and which eternity alone can fully manifest. The constitution, principles and purposes given herein, together with my book, "The Black Plague of the American Continent," will give you such information as you need in order that you may be a successful worker.

Become a member now, get your certificate of membership and get others to become members. If you can devote your whole time to the work, write me and let me help you.

I promise my people and my country the best and all that is within me, now and so long as I live, but without your help and co-operation I can not succeed. It takes co-operation and organization.

May He who guides the actions and the destinies of men and of nations, ever keep us, this organization and its work, and may we all be true men and women, living and working to best serve our day and generation, to make this world brighter, better and happier because we have lived. I am glad to present to you the following constitution, principles and purposes of The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule.

Sincerely yours,

D. F. SUTHERLAND,

Quitman, Texas.

CONSTITUTION, PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES OF THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as "The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule."

ARTICLE II.

Under its charter, The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule is a national organization in all of its works, principles and purposes. Not being bound by geographical lines, it comes to uplift humanity and to make the world better, purer, brighter, sweeter and happier because it has come. It comes to scatter sunshine and gladness into the lives and hearts of those borne down with distress, grief and sorrow, to take them by the hand and lift them up and help them to stand. It comes to rescue the perishing and to heal the broken-hearted. It comes as the friend of the home, the husband and father, the wife, the mother and her children. Its three brightest stars are Love, Sympathy and Kindness, with a heart to pity and a hand to help.

ARTICLE III.

The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule is both non-sectarian and non-political. It makes the life, the teachings and the philosophy of Jesus its "cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night." It asks, and it shall deserve, the full support and co-operation of all the churches and all Christian people everywhere. It believes in civic righteousness in human government, in the county, in the State and in the Nation, and it believes that the only way to secure such government is to select the purest, ablest, wisest and best men to make and to execute the laws; for "when the wicked rule the nations mourn."

ARTICLE IV.

The one motto of The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule is: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you and yours under similar circumstances and conditions." It will be a great and a glorious day when this only true rule of life takes its proper place in the minds, hearts and doings of the people, governing their duties and relations to each other; a day when men, women and children shall not have to sacrifice their lives, their pleasure and their happiness in order that others may have more profits or enjoy more pleasure; a day when justice and mercy shall control the actions and relations of men, one towards another, and a day when we will do unto others as we would have them do unto us, were we in their place and they in ours.

ARTICLE V.

The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule believe in the single standard of purity for both men and women alike; that men should be as true to their wives as they would have their wives be to them, and that they should treat other men's sisters just as they would have their own sisters treated, and that all men everywhere should be the defenders of women and that none should be their traducers.

We believe that it is as wrong as it is dangerous to drive her who has been destroyed from our doors and invite or permit her destroyer into our homes. If she who has been destroyed is barred from respectable society, her destroyer should also be barred. If no gentleman would marry a prostitute, then no lady should marry a libertine, for the one is no worse than the other. We unflinchingly stand for one and the same standard of purity for both men and women.

ARTICLE VI.

We say that no man should be permitted to marry a woman, remain with her till he tires of her, then desert her without cause, get a divorce and then marry another only to do her likewise. Such a man is the worst of criminals, dangerous to society and to the sacredness of the marriage relation, and the law should declare him to be the criminal that he is, and when this crime is proven on him to the satisfaction of an honest court and jury, he should be made to suffer for his crime by being given an adequate number of years in the penitentiary, and forever be barred from destroying the life of some other girl by marriage. Thousands of girls are annually destroyed by unprincipled men who marry them with no other intention than to desert them in a short while, only to do some other girl likewise. This muchly marrying business so common among a large number of men and among some women should be stopped, and The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule declare war on this crime against home and against society, until such laws are enacted and enforced as will put an end to this diabolical and destructive practice.

Marriage is the beginning and the foundation of the home and the family, ordained of God as one of the most sacred relations on earth, and this relation should not be severed by easy and loose divorce laws and methods now pertaining in most of the States. We favor the enactment and the enforcement of such divorce laws as will not sever the marriage relation except for proper and adequate cause, and which will prohibit second marriages where such cause did not exist.

ARTICLE VII.

This organization is opposed to child labor in factories, mines, packing houses, sweat shops and in other unhealthy and immoral places, which annually destroy hundreds of thousands of the white children in the

United States, physically, mentally and morally, and which is rapidly deteriorating our race. We owe it to ourselves, to these children, to the best interest of society and to our government to make it possible for such children to be in school instead of destroying them or permitting them to be destroyed. The one million children now in these child-destroying occupations should be placed in school. We stand for the enactment and for the enforcement of such laws as will put an end to this child slavery and for putting such children in school.

ARTICLE VIII.

We oppose such foreign immigration to this country as lowers the standard of American manhood or the wages paid to American workmen, which is injurious to organized society and dangerous to American institutions and government. We oppose such immigration, not only because it is dangerous to our own country and people, but because it is equally injurious to the immigrants themselves.

These people are far better off in their home land where they are acquainted with their own laws, manners, customs and with their own people, than they are after coming to a strange land, and in most cases without a dollar. We say that such immigration should be prohibited by appropriate laws enacted by Congress, and the sooner the better.

ARTICLE IX.

This organization believes in throwing around the hundreds of thousands of working girls who are forced to make their own way in the world, every safeguard and protection possible. Most of these girls go from the country and the country villages to the cities for employment in offices, shops, department stores, factories and other places. The temptations, snares, traps, drag-nets, plots and pitfalls set for them are alarming, and thousands of these girls are led "as a lamb to the slaughter." They need protection and they must have it.

ARTICLE X.

We are unalterably opposed to the legalized liquor traffic in this country, in the precinct, the county, the State and the Nation. We are opposed to the National government or to any State government selling permits to some of its citizens, at so much a permit, which enables them, without any fear of molestation, to engage in a business which destroys thousands of other citizens; which annually kills over 100,000 American boys and men; which yearly makes over 150,000 widows and orphans and reduces over 350,000 others to poverty or pauperism; which fills our jails and penitentiaries with its criminals and our asylums with its insane; which covers the land with broken-hearted wives, mothers, sisters and daughters on account of drunken husbands, sons, brothers and fathers, and fills many once happy homes with mourning and tears; which takes

from the useful pursuits of life ten times more money than is paid back in revenues, to say nothing of what society has to suffer on account of the crimes it causes to be committed, and which is the ally of the worst form of slavery ever known on this continent, the traffic in pure, innocent white girls. (See Article XI.)

ARTICLE XI.

We oppose, with our whole soul, body, mind and strength, the traffic in pure, innocent and unsuspecting girls now going on and which has been going on in this country for years. We stand for the utter destruction of this white girl slavery, which is the worst form of slavery that ever disgraced this or any other land. We say that the drag-nets, plots, traps, snares, decoys and pitfalls used by the slave trappers and traders should be made known to all the people, and that this traffic in pure girls should be blotted out. We have faith in the people, and we believe that when they once fully understand the extent of this white girl slavery, its fearful and terrible horrors and tortures, they will speedily wipe it out of this country. We thought that when the Civil War was over that slavery had ended in the United States. Over forty years have passed, and human beings, pure, innocent white girls, are being trapped, sold and bought like cattle or negroes before the war, sold at so much per head, sold into the slavery of the brothel, bought by madams of houses of ill-fame or by wealthy libertines at the rate of over forty thousand annually, utterly and forever destroying these girls, wrecking thousands of homes and breaking thousands of hearts. We pledge ourselves that we will leave nothing undone which we can do to stop this slavery and to put an end to this slave trade. We ask for a law in each State making the trapping, the buying or the selling of innocent girls into houses of prostitution or to wealthy libertines a felony and the punishment fixed at death or a life sentence in the penitentiary for the trapper, the buyer and the seller. We say that he who traps and sells an innocent girl into the slavery of the brothel is worse than the midnight assassin, and that there is no punishment too severe for such characters. We say to get this law enacted in each of the several States, that only pure men should be selected as members of the Legislature.

ARTICLE XII.

This organization favors the annihilation of all houses of ill-fame in every town and city in the United States. We believe that the law is now sufficient to accomplish this purpose in most of the States, and we say that this law should be enforced, that only such men be elected who will enforce the law. We say that where the law is not sufficient to put houses of ill-fame out of business, that it should be made severe enough to do this and then enforced. We say that no house of ill repute can thrive in any town or city where the sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited and where the law is enforced. We say that men

who patronize houses of ill-fame are as guilty as those who run such houses, and that such men should be apprehended and punished. We stand for laws severe enough in each of the several States to keep men out of these dens of infamy, and which will expose and punish those who violate it. Those who say that houses of ill-fame are "a necessary evil" should be willing to help furnish the sacrifices to supply their supposed and imaginary "necessary evil."

ARTICLE XIII.

The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule is opposed to children being put in prison with hardened criminals and to working juvenile criminals on the public streets and roads in the chain-gang. We contend for an effective and humane juvenile court system for each one of the several States, and we say that such courts can not be either effective or humane without providing training schools for the boys and industrial schools for the girls who are brought before the juvenile courts. We say that persons who are legally responsible for the child, whether that person be the parent, guardian or some other person, should be held liable for the delinquency of such child, and that such person should have to suffer the penalty, and not the child. Parents who bring children into the world should be forced to care for them when they will not do so otherwise.

ARTICLE XIV.

We believe in and commend charity work among the poor and needy, but we believe that by far the most effective, humane and wisest charity work should be directed along preventive lines, destroying and eradicating social poverty-breeding conditions which force so many thousands to where they must have assistance or perish. We say, remove the causes which produce poverty, those that can and should be removed, and three-fourths of all poverty will disappear, and with it the need of assistance.

This organization does not believe in waiting for the poverty mills to grind out their hundreds and thousands of poverty-stricken people, men, women and children, then gather them up and care for them. We say stop the mills and stop this grinding. We believe in keeping people out of these mills, rather than in caring for them after they have been ground out. We say, stop the mills, the gin mills, the child labor mills, the immigration mills, the divorce mills, the prostitution mills, the slave trappers' mills, the double standard mills and the many times geared matrimonial mills, and 75 per cent of all necessary charity work can be dispensed with, and with it millions of dollars for other useful pursuits of life, which are now yearly spent in relieving distress.

ARTICLE XV.

This organization stands for the home, the church and the school, and against the enemies of the home, the church and the school. It stands

for the wife, the mother and her children, and will defend and protect them from those whose only business is to wreck, ruin and destroy. It comes with a message of love and to scatter sunshine and gladness into the lives and hearts of the people, that their days on earth may be brighter, sweeter, better and happier.

ARTICLE XVI.

We favor the enactment of a law in each of the several States to apprehend and punish worthless and brutal men who marry girls or women and force them to live lives of shame, while their husbands lay around drinking saloons and gambling houses and live upon the proceeds of their wives' shame. We say that when any man gets so low down and brutal as to marry a girl or woman and force her to a life of prostitution for his and her support, or who is willing and consents for his wife to live such a life for their support, such a man should be sent to the penitentiary, and we ask for a law that will put him there, and forever debar his marrying again. Such characters are numerous and can be found in almost every city in this country, and in some cities by the hundreds. We say that such are an abomination and a burning disgrace to all civilized communities, and it should be stopped.

ARTICLE XVII.

This organization not only stands for the destruction of the white girl slave traffic, but we shall use all possible means to set these girls free who have been trapped and sold and who are detained as prisoners in houses of ill-fame. Such girls have done no wrong. They are the victims of those who trapped and sold them into these places, against their will and without their knowledge or consent, where their condition is shocking to contemplate, and the horrors and the tortures which they are forced to undergo can not be described. We say that such girls should be rescued from these infamous dens and returned to their homes where they have a home. If they have no home, then one should be found for them.

ARTICLE XVIII.

National Officers.

The national officers of this organization shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer.

ARTICLE XIX.

It shall be the duty of the President to supervise all the general work of this organization, preside over all of its national conventions, to select and appoint all necessary officers and fill all vacancies, to select and appoint organizers and do such other things as are to the best interest of this organization and its work.

The First Vice-President shall have charge of the Educational Department, the Second Vice-President of the Legislative Department and the Third Vice-President of the Law-enforcing Department.

ARTICLE XX.

Membership.

All persons shall be considered members of this organization who contribute as much as \$1.00 per year to carry on the work and to carry out the purposes herein set forth. Each person so contributing shall be enrolled by the Secretary, giving name, postoffice address and the amount contributed, and he shall receive a Certificate of Membership which will commend him or her to the good will, care and protection of all members of this organization everywhere. Each person shall have the right to designate the part of this work to which his or her contribution is to be applied, and same shall be applied as directed.

ARTICLE XXI.

Patrons.

Those who contribute \$10.00 or more in any one year to this work shall be considered Patrons, and shall receive a Certificate of Membership showing that such person so contributing is a Patron, and be enrolled by the Secretary as a Patron.

ARTICLE XXII.

Children.

It is very important to children that they be connected with some worthy undertaking early in life, which will mould and develop them into the best possible material for honorable and useful manhood and womanhood, and which will interest them, be beneficial to them and help them to be useful to others and to society and to their country.

The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule includes the children as members and is for the children the same as for men and women.

ARTICLE XXIII.

This organization is chartered under the charter name, United Charities of America. Its working and fraternal name is, The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Rule, which name fully expresses its relations and duties which all of its members owe to each other and to humanity.

ARTICLE XXIV.

The books of this organization shall be audited at least once a year and a full report be issued showing where all funds come from and the

uses to which the same has been applied, which report shall be published for the benefit of all interested parties.

ARTICLE XXV.

There are and will be those who wish to aid this work who do not wish Certificates of Membership, and who do not want their names or amount contributed by them made known to the public. The wishes of all such persons shall be and will be cheerfully respected at all times.

REFERENCES.

If you don't know me or of me, you may read the following:

"I am deeply concerned in your work for the poor and unfortunate ones of our nation."—J. M. Thompson, Editor *Youth's Guardian and Friend*, Greenfield, Ind.

"I trust that all your efforts for suffering humanity may be successful."—E. P. Haggard, Secretary *American Baptist Missionary Union*, Boston, Mass.

"We hope that all your efforts may meet with that success which they deserve."—Susanna M. D. Fry, Cor. Sec. *National W. C. T. U.*, Evanston, Ill.

"Your cause is certainly a worthy one that has my interest."—Cora A. Wells, Managing Editor *Church Messenger*, Providence, R. I.

"It will give me pleasure to do all I can to help in such a noble cause. Call on me for what I can do, and it shall always be done to the best of my ability."—J. G. Baird, *Carolina Pythian*, Charlotte, N. C.

"I wish you success and God's blessing."—C. F. Yoder, Editor *Brethren Evangelist*, Ashland, Ohio.

"I trust that your work may help many of the helpless."—J. A. Myer, Superintendent *Chicago Training School*, Chicago, Ill.

"Well might Texas rejoice that you have entered into this broader field of labor to help better the conditions of suffering humanity."—Mattie Sharpley, Sherman, Texas.

"He is one of the greatest philanthropists of this age and has cast himself upon the surging sea of life to rescue the perishing."—Mattie A. Leath, *Eureka Springs*, Ark.

"We, the members of the First Baptist Church of Eureka Springs, Ark., in these resolutions passed by this church in conference assembled, May 30, 1906, hereby express our confidence in and our esteem for Hon. D. F. Sutherland. We know him to be a man of high moral character and worthy of the esteem of the public. We most heartily endorse him and his work. Adopted by the church this 30th day of May, 1906. J. E. Denham, Pastor; J. B. Pendergrast, Church Clerk."

"He is a man of great energy, sound judgment, honest and reliable. We take pleasure in commending him to the people of this country."—W. M. Lloyd, President *First State Bank*; Jno. W. Smart, Cashier, Quitman, Texas.

Home references: A. G. Wright, druggist; J. R. Anason, merchant; Walter Corley, County Clerk; Rev. Church Wood, pastor Baptist Church; J. C. Wright, District Clerk; J. T. Kirkpatrick, pastor M. E. Church, South; L. F. Lloyd, County Treasurer; J. O. Rouse, County Judge; Drs. C. D. Lipscomb and J. B. Goldsmith, or any other reputable citizen of Quitman, Texas, my home town.

Send all communications and address all orders for books to

D. F. SUTHERLAND,

Quitman, Texas.

This writer and his work are positively endorsed by more than twenty State Governors and thousands of other people.

NOTE.—I wish to apologize to those who have been waiting for this little book longer than they should have waited. I assure you all that the fault is not mine. I was forced to change from one publishing house to another. As to why the first company did not publish the book is not for me to say. This company kept my manuscript for two months and did nothing. Every cent of their money was in bank.

I am now getting ready to put out the second edition of 5000 copies, and I ask the good women of this country to help me place it in every home.

THE AUTHOR.

Send all orders for "The Black Plague of the American Continent" to D. F. Sutherland, Quitman, Texas. Single Copy, 50 cents; three copies for \$1, sent by mail to any part of the United States.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 048 042 0